THE

World in the Moon;

AN

OPERA.

As it is Perform'd at the

Theatre in Dorset-Garden,

By His Majesty's Servants.

By *E. S.*

Tentanda via est.

LONDON:

Printed for *Abel Roper*, at the *Black Boy* over against St. *Dunstan*'s Church, in *Fleet-street*. MDCXCVII.

TO

Chriſtopher Rich, Eſq.

SIR,

THE Feaſt being made under your own Roof, I cannot chooſe ſo proper a Patron for this Entertainment, as your Self. This Performance, I confeſs, wants an Univerſal Protection: For if Induſtry, Labour, and Expence, can deſerve a Smile, it ſtands high for a Favourite. So Great an Undertaking, I am ſure has never been on an Engliſh Stage; and I am not Traveller ſufficient to make Foreign Compariſons.

And here I think my ſelf obliged to do the Pencil this Publick Right, to tell the World, That never was ſuch a Pile of Painting rais'd upon ſo Generous a Foundation; eſpecially under all the Hardſhips of ſo backward a Seaſon of the Year (our Misfortune, not Fault.) However, the Undertaker very well knows, he is in the Hands of Honour; and no

ways doubts of a ſuitable Encouragement, from ſo much Worth and Juſtice.

As for my own part, I ſtand ſo highly Indebted for Favours received of You, that I only wiſh the Preſent I make You, were much more deſerving your Acceptance, to be the worthier Oblation of my Gratitude.

As to the Entertainment it ſelf, I hope I ſhall not be vain to ſay, That the Model of the Scenes of this Play, are ſomething of an Original: I am ſure I have removed a long Heap of Rubbiſh, and thrown away all our old *French* Lumber, our Clouds of Clouts, and ſet the Theatrical Paintings at a much fairer Light. And therefore am an humble Suppliant to the Generous Audience, for ſome Grains of Mercy.

For as I dare confidently averr, the Proſpect of this Stage will put all the old Rags out of Countenance: So I hope the Town will graciouſly pleaſe to pardon the undeſerving Scribbler, for ſome ſmall Merit in the Projector. Otherwiſe it would be a little too hard to give me that Fate with my Play, as *Middleton* had with his Pipes, *viz.* By introducing that Project, as may Enrich my Succeſſors; and at the ſame time Starve my Self.

How-

However, my Doom be what it will, yet ſtill I ſhall carry this Pride along with me, That I have endeavour'd to Pleaſe, in ſpreading ſo Gay a Table.

And if this Eſſay, on the other ſide, does find Succeſs, it will bring me a double Pleaſure; not only in the Gratification of my own Intereſt, but likewiſe in the Satisfaction I ſhall receive, that this publick Acknowledgment of your Goodneſs, will be ſo much a more laſting Record of thoſe grateful Tenders, are here made you by,

SIR,

Your moſt obliged and

moſt humble Servant,

E. SETTLE.

PRO-

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by a new Girl.

THEY ſay Young Actors on the Stage appear
At their firſt Entry, with a trembling Fear.
And yet, methinks, by all that I can find,
The Ladies look ſo gay, and Men ſo kind;
That all my trembling Pains are vaniſh'd quite;
Are ſuch fine Folks ſo terrible a Sight?
All that I ſee do rather pleaſe than fright.
Then I'll be bold, and tell you I am ſent
To make——Make what?——The Poets Compliment.
Not I indeed.——Let him e'ne ſink or ſwim;
Is't fit I ſhould Excuſes find for him?
And be ſo vain to expect any Grace,
The very firſt Time that I ſhew my Face?
I muſt confeſs I fain his Friend would be,
But I had rather have You Friends to Me.
He has, alas! been us'd to Fortune's Frown;
But if you treat Me Ill, I am undone.
Alas! I ſet up with a Stock ſo ſmall,
The firſt Miſcarriage wou'd quite ruin all.
For if I now ſhould break, where muſt I run?
Priviledg'd-Places are all quite put down.
But there's a way for You to help me yet,
For if I cannot All Your Favours get;
I hope you'll grant one Thing in my Behalf,
Let me but have Two-Thirds, and I am ſafe.

Actors

Actors in the Comedy

Men.

Frank Wildblood, a Gentleman of the Town,	Mr. *Powel.*
Ned Stanmore, a Templer,	Mr. *Mills.*
Palmerin Worthy, in Love with *Jacintha*,	Mr. *Williams.*
Sir *Dottrel Fondlove*, an old doating Alderman,	Mr. *Johnſon.*
Old *Stanmore*, a Deputy of a Ward and Father to *Jacintha*,	Mr. *Diſney.*
Tom. Dawkins, a Country-Clown;	Mr. *Pinkethman.*

Women.

Jacintha, in Love with *Palmerin*;	Mrs. *Verbruggen.*
Widow *Dawkins*,	Mrs. *Powel.*
Mrs. *Suſan*, a Sempſtreſs,	Mrs. *Andrews.*

The

The Curtain riſes, and diſcovers the Flat Pallace, with a new Arch, richly decorated with Gold; with theſe Three Motto's:

Vires dabit æmula Virtus——
Spectemur agendo——
Per Apellem ſplendet Apollo.

The Cieling being new painted with the Figure of Majeſty ſeated upon a Globe, encircled with Glory, and attended by *Cupids*, &c.

PROLOGUE.

Set to Muſick by Mr. *Jeremy Clark.*

WElcome Beauty, all the Charms,
Sparkling in that Orb of Glory;
All to thoſe Protecting Arms,
Thus we Bend and Kneel before Ye.

If the Fates that rule below,
All are ſmiling Heav'ns Creation;
We have no kind Stars but You,
All in that fair Conſtellation.

Smile then with a Beam divine,
We'll be bleſt if You but ſhine;
Happy then our Pains and Toils;
Wit only lives, when Beauty ſmiles.

Your Graces let the Muſes ſhare,
And in return they make this Pray'r.
In all your Quiver,
May there never,
Want a Shaft all Hearts to gain;
Whilſt all their Duty,
Paid to Beauty,
The Great ſhall Kneel, and Fair ſhall Reign.

THE

THE
New World in the Moon.

ACT I.

Enter Widow, *Mrs.* Suſan, *and* Tom.

Suſ. NAY, fye, dear Aunt, dry up your Eyes, and cheer up your Heart, and once more let me bid you welcom to *London.*

Tom. London, quotha! Well; I never ſaw ſuch a ſtrange Place in all my born Days. Here's a whole thouſand of Houſes, and not one Barn among them all.

Wid. Oh Couſin; 'tis a melancholy Journey that brings me hither; never had poor Woman ſuch a Loſs as I have had. My Eldeſt, my Firſt-born, my Virginity, Couſin; cropt in the Flow'r, in the Bud of Five and twenty: Oh, Couſin, I have loſt ſuch a Boy——

Tom. As was not worth keeping. *Wid.* How, Sirrah!

Tom. Why he's dead Mother, he's dead; and what ſhould we do with dead Folks, but make Crows-meat of them?

Wid. Oh thou ungracious Boy! Are theſe your Tears for your poor Brothers Death, that dear ſweet precious Lamb?

Tom. A Word in your Ear. *Suſ.* With me, Couſin!

Tom. Between Friends, Couſin *Suchee*, our Family are none of the wiſeſt.

Suſ. Nay, why ſo, Couſin!

Tom. All Fools, but my ſelf. Why here's that young Cudden, my Brother, a ſilly Block-headed Son of a——, had no more Wit than to play the Fool and die: And here's that whining, whimpering old Dunce, my Mother, has no more Wit than to cry for him.

Suſ. Ay, Couſin, there you are in the Right: She's a little too ſorrowful indeed.

Tom. In the Right, Couſin; why, I am never in the Wrong.

Wid. What's that he prates?

Suſ. Only telling me, he's the Top-wit of the Family.

Wid. Nay, the Child has very good natural Parts: Heav'n ſend him to make good uſe of them. Ay, ay, he has Wit enough.

Tom. Wit! Ay enough to ſtock a whole Pariſh: Enough to give all the young Fellows their Heads full, and the young Wenches their Bellies full.

Wid. Well Son, more of your Manners, and leſs of your Wit. Pray let's ſee how you'll behave your ſelf before the Squire, my Landlord.

Tom. Ay, ay, let me alone for Havioirs.

Enter a Footman.

Wid. That muſt be his Livery. Pray Sir, if I may be ſo bold; don't you belong to Squire *Wildblood?*

Foot. Well, Woman, and what then?

Wid. Only I have a little Buſineſs with his Worſhip.

Foot. Yonder's his Worſhip, if you have any thing to ſay to him.

Tom. What a ſurly Dog's this? Oons Mother, ſhall I beat him?

Wid. Beat him, Raſcal?

Enter Frank Wildblood, *and* Ned Stanmore.

Noble Squire.

Fr. W. My *Buckingham*-Widow! My Country Copy-holder!

Wid Your poor Tenant, Sir.

N. St. Sweet Mrs. *Suſan.* *Suſ.* My dear *Temple*-maſter.

Fr. W. And prithee, Widow, what Wind blows you to Town?

Wid. Truly Squire, I am come Forty long Miles to wait upon your Worſhip.

Tom. And I am come Forty long Miles along with her; that's juſt Fourſcore.

Wid. You muſt pardon him, Sir; 'tis a bold Boy, my Son, an't like ye.

Tom. And ſhe's my Mother, for want of a better; an't like ye.

Fr. W. Your Son! How old is he?

Wid. A poor Suckling, Sir; juſt turn'd of Twenty.

Fr. W. A very hopeful Boy! *Tom.* So the Girls tell me, Sir.

Wid. Ah Squire, I have loſt my Eldeſt Boy: There's one Life in my Copy-hold gone. But I hope your Worſhip will be pleas'd to renew my Leaſe, and put in this young Lamb in his Room. I have made a hard Shift to pick up a few Mill'd Crowns for You, a very ſcarce Commodity among us poor Country-Folks. But I hope your good Worſhip will uſe me as kindly as you can.

N. St. Ay prithee *Frank* uſe her kindly, for her ſweet Niece's ſake here.

Fr. W. A very pretty Creature! Of your Acquaintance, *Ned?*

N. St. At your Service.

Fr. W. Your Servant, ſweet Lady. [*Kiſſes her.*] Here Sirrah, take that old Gentlewoman and her Son to my Houſe, and make them welcome for this fair Ladies ſake. Prithee what is ſhe, *Ned?* [*Ex. Widow and Son.*

N. St. My Temple-Sempſtreſs. Oh *Frank*, this ſweet young Lady has the prettieſt ſofteſt Hand at tying a Crevat: As I hope to be a Judge, I had rather dreſs my ſelf in thoſe two black Eyes, than in the beſt Beau Looking-glaſs in all *Covent-garden.*

Suſ. You muſt pardon his way of Rallery, Sir. He always makes bold with his poor Servant.

Fr. W. If he's no more bold than welcome, he's a happy Man, Madam.

Suſ. Alas, Sir! I make him happy!

N. St.

N. St. Prithee *Frank* let me recommend you to this Ladies Acquantance. She ſhines in the Front of a gay Shop in *Fleet-ſtreet*, and is a fair Dealer in Linnen-Drapery.

Suſ. Where this Gentleman ſhall be welcome.

Fr. W. You could not give me a more acceptable Invitation. I aſſure you, Madam, as far as ready Mony, or Love will go, I ſhall be your humble Servant; for I declare from my Heart, I can't have a higher Ambition than to be taking up Linnen with ſo pretty a Lady.

Suſ. The beſt in my Shop is at your Service.

Fr. W. That in your Bed-chamber will pleaſe me much better.

Suſ. My Bed-chamber, ſweet Sir; nay, now you'll make me bluſh.

Fr. W. Not in the Dark, Madam! I always put out the Candle.

Suſ. I vow you talk ſo ſtrangely——But I beg your Pardon, Sir, I muſt wait upon my Aunt: She expects my Attendance, and I dare not forfeit her good Graces.

Fr. W. Then muſt we loſe ye? Here Sirrah, Page, pay your Obedience, and uſher that Lady. [*Exit Mrs.* Suſan.

N. St. O fye *Frank*, almoſt Seven a Clock: The Play's half done by this time.

Fr. W. Time enough for the laſt Act. Thou know'ſt I never take a turn to a Play, but either juſt pop in my Head before the Curtain riſes, or before it drops again.

N. St. Then you peep into a Play houſe, like a Prentice into a Church: Juſt hear the Text, then take a Ramble, and come back to receive the Bleſſing: He to hand out his *Cheap-ſide* Miſtreſs, and you your *Covent-garden* Miſs.

Fr. W. Nay, there thou haſt hit me.

N. St. But why are you ſo unkind to the Play-houſes, eſpecially at this Low-water time with them, to take a turn (as you call it) before the Curtain riſes?

Fr. W. Out of pure Charity, *Ned.* I gallop round the Pit, hear the laſt Muſick, pick up a Mask, and carry her off before the Play; and ſo ſave the poor Whore her Half Crown.

N. St. But why can't you ſit out the Play?

Fr. W. Oh Intolerable! I could no more endure to ſit out a whole Play, than to Ride out a whole Fox-Chace; eſpecially ſince I came to my Eſtate.

N. St. And why ſince you came to your Eſtate?

Fr. W. Why? Becauſe I ſo wore out all my Patience in waiting for my Father's Death, that I have not one ſingle Grain left.

N. St. Nay thou had'ſt an unreaſonable Father, that I'll ſay for him. He had no more Conſcience than to Live to ſee his hopeful Firſt-begotten a reverend Super-annuated old Gentleman of Five and twenty, when thou want'ſt to have had him in Heaven above Seven Years before, to keep a Coach and a Whore at Eighteen.

Fr. W. A Coach and a Whore, *Ned*! why 'tis Life and Soul. Punk and Pride, the Fleſh and the Spirit; and a Man's not a Man without 'em.

N. St. But why do you tell me you never ſtay out a Play, when you know I have ſeen you perking behind the Scenes, from the firſt Muſick to the laſt Candle,

to a clear Stage; nay, and to a clear Dreſſing-room, the very laſt Man bowns.

Fr. W. Behind the Scenes! Ay, there the Caſt is altered. There, *Ned*, I have nothing to ſay to the Play, but the Players—Oh! I could dance Attendance, and dangle at the Train of a High Feather, and a Stage Princeſs (eſpecially that *Phœnix* amongſt 'em under the reputation of a Virginity) as contentedly and with as much mortal Reſignation for Three whole Hours together, as I could lye a whole Night by her.

N. St. Then all your Patience is not worn out?

Fr. W. Not in a good Cauſe, *Ned*.

Ned. Nay, if your Delight lies behind the Scenes, you'll have enough on't to Night; for, after the Play's done, I hear the Actors have a general Practice of the Muſick and Machines of ſome part of their New Opera.

Fr. W. Their New World in the Moon.

N. St. Ay, ſo, I hear, they call it.

Fr. W. But now thou talkeſt of Plays; prethee, *Ned*, when didſt thou ſee that ſerious Tragi-comical Face, that unfaſhionable Spark, young *Palmerin*, with the Beard of Twenty ſix, and the Sanctity of Nine and ſixty.

N. St. Nay Truly, he's not altogether in the modern Mode: For he ſets up for Virtue.

Fr. W. Ay by St. *Lucrece*, and for Chaſtity too. I durſt to ſwear it has it's Madenhead ſtill, a pure male Virgin. For tho' the poor Dog has but bare 200 a Year Annuity, and not Heir to one Groat, (for his prodigal Elder Brother took care of all Reverſions) yet I warrant he'd no more Feed one of the hungry Birds at the Court-end of Town, though in the Feathers of a Dutcheſs, were it to plume his own Neſt to the Tune of a Coach and Six. I wonder we ha'n't him Star gazing this way, up to thy Siſters Window yonder; for I underſtand he's her ſworn Adorer.

N. St. Nay, as you ſay, He is her true Star-gazer indeed. For my cruel Father has ſo abdicated the poor Lover, ſo Baniſht and Barr'd all his Approaches, that he Kneels to my Siſter like an Indian to the Sun, almoſt at the ſame Diſtance, and yet with the ſame Warmth.

Fr. W. Nay then I find as cloudy as your Father lours upon him, he has ſome Dawn of Hopes from her kind Brothers Favour.

N. St. Ay faith, *Frank*, I love the honeſt Lad ſo well, that I'd give my *Cook* upon *Littleton*, and all my whole Temple-Library, that my Father loved him but half ſo well.

Fr. W. Then if the Old cruel Gentleman once drops off, the kind Young one—

N. St. Will give him my Siſter, though I give him half my Eſtate with her.

Enter Palmerin.

Fr. W. A very generous Gentleman. But ſee yonder he comes. My Man of Morals.

Pal. My Man of Mode, Your Servant.

Fr. W. Troth *Palmerin*, we were juſt Talking of thee. For my part I was down right pitying of thee.

Pal. And why pitying me?

Fr. W. Why, only to conſider, how thou hadſt an elder Brother made a ſhift to

to Live to melt the laſt Acre of a 1000 a Year, and yet thou art a greater Prodigal then He!

Pal. Nay, Why ſo, *Frank*?

Fr. W. I'll tell you why. Your Brother, he lived a Gentleman, and only dy'd a Beggar. But thou, with that ragged and ſtarving Companion call'd Conſcience at thy Heels, art reſolv'd both to Live and Dye one! Nay, and of all Mankind too, why a younger Brother and ſet up for Virtue?

Pal. And why not a younger Brother?

Fr. W. Oh fye! Why ſhould he profeſs Virtue, that has nothing but Vice to Live upon? 'Tis enough for Your fat rich Drones, that have neither Mercury in their Heads, nor Warmth in their Veins, for the Diviner Taſte of Pleaſures, to Dream and Sleep away a Life in lazy drowzy Morals.

Pal. Quite contrary! 'Tis enough for you rich Elder Brothers, that have this World in a String, never to think of the next; whilſt we poor Younger Brothers, that have ſo little ſhare of one, ſhould take care for the other.

N. St. Do you hear that, *Frank*? You had beſt have a care of him, for he'll be too hard for you elſe.

Fr. W. Nay he ſhall never want your good Word at all turns. Oh *Palmerin*, thou haſt a ſtanch Champion of *Ned* here. If all Parties were as well agreed as himſelf, thou ſhouldſt Marry his Siſter to Morrow.

Pal. To her kind Brothers Goodneſs, I am an eternal Debtor; and only wiſh I were more in Debt to Heaven: Bleſt with thoſe ſmiles of Fortune, to deſerve her.

Fr. W. Smiles of Fortune! Why, thou doſt not want 'em. Prethee make me thy Confeſſor, and tell me ingeniouſly, couldſt not thou be contented to Beg with *Jacintha*!

Pal. And what then, Sir! *Fr. W.* And Starve too!

Pal. Well, and Starve too.

Fr. W Then for *Jacintha*'s Love, you durſt do——

Pal. Any Thing.

Sink, Ruin, Periſh: Fate has not that Frown,
Nor Heaven and all its Thunder has that Bolt,
But I could ſtand 'em all for dear *Jacintha*.

Fr. W. Here's Raptures for you——Then Poor and Fortuneleſs as you are, you love her ſo intirely well, that without Conſultation of Parents, Obedience, Portion, or Convenience, you could take her Naked and Friendleſs to your Arms, and Marry her to Morrow?

Pal. No, not ſo neither.

Fr. W. How: Beg, Starve and Periſh for her Sake; and yet not dare to Marry her.

Pal. All this and Ten times more, and yet not dare to Marry her. No, tho' I have Love enough to make my ſelf miſerable for her ſake; I have too much Love to make her miſerable for mine.

Fr. W. Here's your School Diſtinction in *Cupids* new Philoſophy: But *Palmerin*, conſidering here's a Father in the Caſe, that by the Conſtitution of his Body, may live theſe 20 Years; for he has a Son here, of thy own Church; neither in

Fee

Fee with his Doctor nor Pothecary: That Tyrant-Father, that whilſt his Head's above Ground, will no more give thee *Jacintha*, then he will build Hoſpitals. Prethee how long then couldſt thou be contented to wait for her!

Pal. An Age: A Life Sir.

Fr. W. Why truly that's pretty reaſonable Attendance. But how wouldſt thou live this long long Age of Patience!

Pal. With Thinking.

I'd remember there's that dear Face in the World: And for want of the Original, wear her Picture at my Heart: Make that one ſingle Thought my whole Cordial of Life: Carry her Memory to my Crutch and my Grave, and tell the Fools of the World, there's one Woman worth dying for.

Fr. W. Here's your *Amadis de Gaul*; your Lover in Heroicks! Oh *Palmerin*, *Palmerin*, how cheaply doſt thou furniſh out thy Table of Love? Canſt Feed upon a Thought; Live upon Hopes; Feaſt upon a Look; Fatten upon a Smile; and Surfeit and Dye upon a Kiſs! What a Cameleon Lover is a Platonick?

Pal. Well Sir, as you have ſpread my Platonick Table: Shall I ſpread your Libertine one?

Fr. W. With all my Heart.

Pal. In the firſt Place, then: A Canine Appetite to prepare your Digeſtion:
Bawds, Panders and Pimps, your Cooks and your Caterers.
Paint, Patch and Infamy, your whole Bill of Fare:
The Goat and the Satyr, to ſet out the Feaſt:
The Surgeon and 'Pothecary, to bring in the D'uſert:
And Death and the Devil, to ſweep off the Fragments.

N. St. Did not I tell you he'd be too hard for you?

Fr. W. Ay, Pox on him. But come— to the Play *Ned*, to the Play. [*Ex.*

N. St. Ay, Sir, we'll follow you.—*Palmerin*, I have a little Melancholy News for you; there's a new Rival ſetting up: You ſhall have the whole Story as we walk to the Play.

Pal. More perſecuting Stars! more Enemies to Combat!

N. St. No *Palmerin*, more Enemies to Conquer.
Let thy great Cauſe thy drooping Courage Cheer.
Whilſt Love and Truth, thy Champions do appear,
Thy feeble Foes, are all not worth a Fear. [*Exeunt.*

The Flat-Scene draws, and diſcovers Three grand Arches of Clouds extending to the Roof of the Houſe, terminated with a Proſpect of Cloud-work, all fill'd with the Figures of Fames and *Cupids*; a Circular part of the back Clouds rolls ſoftly away, and gradually diſcovers a Silver Moon, near Fourteen Foot Diameter: After which, the Silver Moon wanes off by degrees, and diſcovers the World within, conſiſting of Four grand Circles of Clouds, illuſtrated with *Cupids*, &c. Twelve golden Chariots are ſeen riding in the Clouds, fill'd with Twelve Children, repreſenting the Twelve Celeſtial Signs. The Third Arch intirely rolling away, leaves the full Proſpect

ter-

terminating with a large Lanſchape of Woods, Waters, Towns, *&c.* Enter *Cynthia*'s Train, being Twenty Singers, and other Retinue. The following Piece of Muſick is Sung.

Compoſed by Mr. Jeremy Clark.

Within this happy World above,
The Realms of Innocence and Love,
(Love with his Roſy Chaplets crown'd)
Eternal Joy goes round.
Divine Aſtrea *hither flew,*
To Cynthia's *brighter Throne:*
She left the Iron World below,
To bleſs the Silver Moon.

Chor. *Divine* Aſtrea——

Sound ſound the Trumpets, ſound
Fair Cynthia's *Name,*
Through all the heavenly Round,
So vaſt her Empire and ſo loud her Fame,
Sound that proud triumphant Name,
Sound, ſound, for ever ſound.

Soft Peace on Earth ſo rarely ſhows her Head,
Scarce found within the Bridal Bed.
We know no Diſcords, know no Jars,
Unleſs the gentle amorous Wars:
We fear no Shafts but thoſe that fly
From Phyllis, *or from* Celia's *Eye;*
Nor Death, but when in melting Charms we die.

Whilſt thus our calmer Pleaſures flow,
What Storms diſturb the Globe below?
Tempeſts rattle,
— Blood and Battle,
Fire and Ruin, War and Thunder,
Tear the lower World aſunder.

Chor. *Tempeſts rattle*——

A Dance of Four Swans. To them enter Five green Men, upon which the Swans take Wing and fly up into the Heavens. The green Men dance; which concludes the Act.

ACT

ACT II.

Enter Palmerin *and* Jacintha.

Pal. AND has thy cruel Father then design'd thee
For the Embraces of Sir *Dottrel Fondlove*?
Jac. Even so; my Fathers Stars have so decreed me
Sir *Dottrel*'s honourable Bride and Lady.
Pal. His Bride! His Sacrifice. Thy Virgin Sweets
A Garland for a Tomb!
Nay, cou'd thy barbarous Father find no Rival
To the loſt *Palmerin*, but that vile Earthmole?
The Tyrant Lord of all my ruin'd Fortunes,
By the curſt Riots of my Elder Brother,
Swallow'd and gorg'd by that devouring Cormorant!
Jac. What frighten'd at a Shadow, ſuch a Rival,
A deſpicable Muckworm Wretch, fit only
T' affront and loath, and tread beneath my Scorn?
Pal. Oh, thou'rt all Angel-Goodneſs!
Jac. No, *Palmerin*,
Look in my Face, and mark if thou canſt find
One Spark in theſe young Eyes, fit for a Taper
To light a grunting doating Fool to Bed!
Plant my young Nectarns at that cold North-wall, Sir *Dottrel*. No,
I am for the warmer Sunny-ſide of Love:
One young *Palmerin*'s worth twenty old Sir *Dottrel*'s.
Pal. What can I do to merit all this Love?
Jac. What have we done to merit this hard Fate?
When all theſe lowring Clouds hang o're our Joys?
I dare not take thee to my Arms. To marry
Without my Fathers leave, that were to lay
My ruin'd Fortunes lower than my *Palmerin*'s;
And turn us naked forth to all the Sufferings
Of bleeding Want and Miſery.
Pal. Oh Love! to what
Hard Bondage art thou ty'd? That divine Paſſion,
The nobleſt Spark of Heav'n, and yet a Slave to Dirt;
When Earth and Muck reign Tyrants o're thy Fate.
But if no Weight but that vile worldly Droſs
Can only turn thy Ballance; why, oh why,
Are all thoſe pouring Show'rs of ſmiling Fortune,
The blind Inheritance of Slaves and Villains;
Whilſt poor I groan beneath my niggard Stars?

Jac.

Jac. Come *Palmerin*, ne're deſpair; but truſt to Wit
And Induſtry to mend our loſing Hand!
Fortune drops down to Fools, but wiſe Men climb up to Fortune.
But this kind Viſit muſt be ſhort: For if
My Father ſhould return and find you here,
Then I am loſt: For Locks and Keys, and Jailours,
Would then be all my Portion!

Pal. But, dear Madam,
I have had a lucky Thought. I'll inſtantly
Transform my ſelf into a *Valet de Chambre*,
Screw me into Sir *Dottrel*'s Favour; and, if poſſible,
Get me entertain'd his Servant. *Jac.* Excellent!

Pal. By this means, thus diſguis'd, and in his Service,
I ſhall have all th' Acceſs to my *Jacinta*——

Jac. And all the Opportunities to join
Our Heads and Plots to blow the doating Fool up.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Madam, your Father, and Sir *Dottrel Fondlove*——

Jac. What ſays the Girl?

Serv. Are both juſt at the Door.

Jac. Make haſte and ſlip out at the back Gate.

Pal. The guardian Pow'rs of Truth and Love protect thee. [*Exit.*

Jac. The Pow'rs of Wit and Woman: I have occaſion
For their Protection now.

Enter Mr. Deputy, *and Sir* Dottrel.

Mr. Dep. Well Son (for ſo I'll call you)
You have my free Conſent to wed my Daughter.

Sir Dot. I am the happieſt Man.

Mr. Dep. If ſhe can make ye ſo———
Daughter, you ſee your Husband.

Jac. Bleſs my Eye-ſight. [*Aſide.*

Mr. Dep Once more I bid you think of being a Lady——

Jac. To that fuſty piece of Knighthood. Honour } *Aſide*
And old Bones, a Sackful.

Mr. Dep. I need ſay no more.
You know my Pleaſure, and your own beſt Choice:
As you embrace his Love, you ſhall have mine.

Jac. Sir, I was born all yours: My Hand and Heart then
Muſt be no leſs than part of my Obedience.

Mr. Dep. Well; thou ſayſt well——Sir *Dottrel*, may I venture
To truſt my Daughter with you all alone?

Jac. By my Virginity, a deſperate Venture! } *Aſide*
He looks ſo like a *Tarquin*.

Sir Dot. Venture me!——Ay Sir, ne're fear me; I ſhall be ſo tender of her;
Uſe her ſo very gently.

Jac. That I'll ſwear for thee. [*Aſide.*] [*Exit Mr. Deputy.*

Sir Dot. Madam! *Jac.* Sir!

Sir Dot. Your Father gives me leave to tell you—— *Jac.* News, Sir?

Sir Dot. News, Chicken! Ay, and I hope no unwelcome News,
That the rich Alderman, Sir *Dottrel Fondlove*,
Is fair *Jacintha*'s paſſionate humble Servant.
I muſt confeſs I am ſorry——

Jac. That I am his Daughter?

Sir Dot. Sorry, you are his Daughter!

Jac. Ay, all the Reaſon in the World. It had been
Much happier for me to have been his great Grand-mother:
To have been ſo much worthier of ſuch
A reverend humble Servant as Sir *Dottrel.*

Sir Dot. You are pleas'd to be merry, ſweet Lady.

Jac. Not over-merry, Sir, in ſuch dull Company.

Sir Dot. Nay, Chicken, be not angry at the Matter:
I mean all honourable, to make a Wife of thee.

Jac. A Wife! A Crutch, a quilted Cap, and Cawdle!

Sir Dot. How's this?

Jac. Thy mouldy Chops water at Wedlock!
Turn o're thy Bills, thy Bonds, and Judgments:
Thy Statutes, and thy Mortgages, old Mammon:
They are better Reading for thy old Spectacles
Than Matrimony. And if 'tis poſſible for an old Uſurer
To hope for Salvation, and ſham the Devil,
Build Alms-houſes, old Thirty *per Cent.* and then die,
And ſleep with thy Fore-fathers, if ever thou hadſt any:
For by thy Looks, thou might'ſt be *Adam*'s Elder Brother.

Sir Dot. Oh the Vengeance! What's all this! Why 'tis I, Child:
Sir *Dottrel*; the Man that muſt love thee,
And marry thee, and make a Lady of thee.

Jac. Yes, thou ſhalt marry me: But if thou doſt;
By this good Light, I'll make a Monſter of thee
Thy very Wedding-day; and graft thy Forehead,
With ſuch a pair of terrible Brow-antlers,
That both thy Wedding-ſheets ſhall not be large enough
To make a Night-cap for thee.

Sir Dot. Oh my Ears! my Eyes! my Senſes!

Jac. And then when I have marry'd thee, and reign
The Soveraign Miſtreſs of thy Cheſts and Coffers,
And keep the Keys of all thy hoarded Muck,
I'll ſet thy Gold a flying. By this Hand,
I'll put up thy whole Bags to an Inch of Candle;
Theirs and thy Snuff both to drop out together.

Sir Dot. Why, thou Termagant,
All this to a Man of Five thouſand a Year!

Jac.

Jac. All in dirty Acres! Ay, that I want, Sir.
Do you find Acres, and I'll find you Heirs for 'em:
For if there be
One hungry younger Brother in Three Kingdoms,
One keen ſtomack'd Captain in the whole Army,
Or one kind Cuckold maker in both the Play-houſes;
Thou ſhalt have Sons and Daughters, Heirs and grand Heirs,
But no more Kin to Thee, then thou'rt to Honeſty.

Sir Dot. Oh intolerable! This is beyond all mortal Patience.
But doſt thou think if I were marry'd to thee,
That I'd live to bear all this?

Jac. Live! No; thou wouldſt not have the Impudence to think of Living.
Live! why I'd break thy Heart in the firſt Fortnight.
Thou ſhouldſt not give out half the Hony moon.
Nay, I'd beſpeak the very Penny-pot Poets that writ
Thy *Epithalamium*, for the Rhime-Doggrel for thy Elegy;
And ſet by the whole Remnants of thy Wedding-dinner,
For Hot ſuppings at thy Funeral.

Sir Dot. Oh the Devil!

Jac. Thy old Bones in my young Bonds of Matrimony, and live!
Thou ſhouldſt no more hope to live than a Fiſh in a Bird-cage.
Nay, if neither hard Meat, cold Comfort, warm Cuckoldom,
Nor nothing elſe would diſpatch thee;
I'd keep open Houſe to all the Beaus in the Town,
And choak thee with Powder and Eſſences.

Sir Dot. Why thou impudent Harlotry young Gypſey, doſt thou know
Who I am, and what I am, that thou uſeſt me thus unmercifully?

Jac. Know who and what thou art! Why, I'll tell thee what thou art.
Thou art a Load of Diſeaſes; as Crazy as thy Underſtanding;
As Deaf as thy Charity; As blind as thy Ignorance;
As Mouldy as thy Prayer-books, as cold as thy Religion:
As Ruſty as thy Coffers, and as Rotten as thy Conſcience!
Thou'rt a Scarecrow to Fleſh and Blood; an Antidote to Love:
Haſt been dead to Womankind theſe Fifty Years,
Bury'd in Searcloth and Flannel Threeſcore,
And cheated the Worms and the Devil a whole Hundred.
Does thy Cozening Lawyer want a *Memento Mori?*
The Scrivener dried Parchment for thy Mortgages?
Thy Surgeon want a Skeleton? thy 'Pothecary a Mummy?
And thy Brother *Belzebub* a Broker's Shop?
Thy Lumber-houſe of Antiquity would furniſh 'em all.

Sir Dot. I can hold no longer——Why Sir——Mr. Deputy——Where are you——Come to my Deliverance——I ſhall be Murder'd——I ſhall be Raviſh'd. I ſhall be——

Enter Mr. Deputy.

Mr. Dep. Why, what's the Matter here?

Sir Dot. The Matter! Never was poor Man ſo abuſed as I have been.

Mr. Dep. Who has abuſed you?

Sir Dot. Who! that young *Proſerpine*, that Satan in High-toppings, that She-Devil in Petticoats.

Mr. Dep. Who; my Daughter?

Sir Dot. Ay, your Daughter; if ſhe be your Daughter.

Mr. Dep. If ſhe be my Daughter!

Sir Dot. Ay, if ſhe be! For if the great Whore-maſter General, the old Serpent, did not wriggle himſelf to Bed to her Mother; and did not get that She-Cockatrice for you; but ſhe is your own true natural Fleſh and Blood: Then I do tell you that wicked, that ungodly, that audacious Daughter of yours has uſed me ſo barbarouſly——

Mr. Dep. How barbarouſly?

Sir Dot. Why ſhe has fain upon me as unmercifully, as a whole Army of bloody Pilgrims and black Bills; has called me as many ſeveral old Rogues, as there are hard Names in a Welch Pedigree; And that if I marry her, ſhe ſwears, That ſhe'll lie with all the young Fellows within the Four Seas, by Land and by Water, till ſhe has grafted me a pair of Horns, udsbud, like the Popes Crown, Three Stories high.

Mr. *Dep.* And has my Daughter ſay you——

Jac. Not one Word of all this——I was a telling him, how ſome young Huſſeys would uſe a reverend old Gentleman to their Husband: A parcel of mad wild Gilflirts, that like nothing but Boys and Beaus, and Powder and Paint, and Fool and Feather. But for me, I that had been bred up in a ſober Family, the Daughter of a worthy grave Citizen; I was for no Husband but Sir *Dottrell*; a Perſon of his honourable Years and Character: That his Age might be a Guide to my Youth: His Wiſdom to my Folly; his Gravity to my Vanity. I told him, how I ſhould love him and cheriſh him; make his Spoon-meats, ſugar his Caudles, be his Lady, his Maid, and his Nurſe: Warm his Bed, creep to his Arms, ſleep in his Boſom; and make him the lovingeſt, the kindeſt, and the fondeſt Wife in the whole World.

Sir *Dot.* Oh Impudence! Impudence! Impudence! Why did'ſt thou ſay one word of all this Gibberiſh?

Jac. No: But I was going to ſay it all; only you had not the Patience to ſtay to hear me.

Sir *Dot.* Patience, in the Devil's Name!

Jac. You naughty Man, you! I was juſt opening my kind Lips with all the ſweeteſt Breath of Love, to ſay a thouſand tendereſt kindeſt Things—— But you——To ſtop my Mouth, to ſhut your Ears, and run away from me! To tell my Father all this barbarous Tale, of the poor innocent *Jacintha!*

Sir. Dot. Avaunt Satan! Take away thy Cloven Foot, and give me Air: Thy Breath's all Charcoal and Brimſtone; and Mercy, Mercy; ſave me, ſave me, ſave me! [*Exit.*

Mr. Dep. Come, my young Gypſey, all this Mask of Innocence ſhan't ſerve your turn. I am afraid——

Jac. Of nothing but a Shadow.

Mr.

Mr. Dep. How! All this hideous Out-cry but a Shadow?

Jac. 'Tis all a meer Miſtake. *Mr. Dep.* Miſtake!

Jac. Nothing, but a Miſtake. Can I find young Ears to his old Head, or mend his crazy Intellects?

Mr. Dep. Come, my young Minx, as you expect my Bleſſing, or hope t'enjoy one Rag of my Eſtate, mend this bad Mornings-work; or—— [*Exit.*

Jac. May I never hope to be a Lady.——
Well, I will blow this Fool up, if my Mines
Do but ſtand faſt. 'Tis true, 'tis not ſo honourable
To jilt him as I do—Can I jilt him?
No, 'tis impoſſible: When old dry Bones
Would match with young warm Veins, I only ſtand
Upon my lawful Guard; my brisk Nineteen
To jilt his Ninety nine, no Fault can be:
No; 'tis his Ninety nine that would jilt me. [*Exit.*

The Scene the World in the Moon.

Enter Wildblood, Ned Stanmore *and* Tom. Joe Hayns *meets 'em.*

Fr. W. My old Friend *Joe!*

N. St. Noble Count *Hayns!*

Hayns, My worthy Patroons.

Fr. W. Well, how goes the World, honeſt Fortune-teller?

Hayns, Dully, heavily, Gentlemen! 'Tis a baſe World, a poor undone World. In ſhort, betwixt Plots, Wars and Beggary, it has been cramp'd, plagu'd and pox'd; and is now going into a high Courſe of Phiſick, a General Peace, to Flux, grow ſober, and live honeſt.

N. St. Nay, now thou talkſt like a Coſmographer.

Hayns, Look ye, Sir, I treat the World as the World treats me; no Love loſt between us.

Fr. W. Well, *Joe*, we'll let the great Stage, the World, alone, to rub on; and talk of the little Stage, the Play-houſe here: Prithee, when does the Rehearſal begin?

Hayns, Oh preſently, Gentlemen; preſently.

N. St. But what's the Reaſon we do not ſee thee in thy Pontifical Robes? Haſt thou no Part in this Opera?

Hayns, I a Part in an Opera! What an *Endymion*, a *Cupid*, a King *Oberon!*

Tom. *ſtares him in the Face.*

Who have we here? Does he belong to you?

Fr. W. A ſmall Tenant of mine——Prithee *Joe* give him a Caſt of thy Rhetorick; a little piece of Banter.

Hayns, Say you ſo?——*Illuſtro, grando ſeignioro*; moſt noble Squire, I am your moſt humble Servant.

Tom. Squire! what does the Man mean? Zooks, do I look like a Squire? why, I am *Tom. Dawkins*, the Farmer's Son of *Buckingham.* The noble Squire, ye Fool, is his Worſhip my Landlord.

Hayns,

Hayns, Cry you Mercy, ſweet Sir.

Fr. W. Hark ye, *Joe:* Prithee manage this Country-blockhead a little. Canſt not thou mount him into a Machine, or drop him into a Trap?

N. St. Ay, *Joe*; thou haſt had a rare Hand at that ſort of Management: Some of thy *Legerdemain* would do rarely. A little Farce to your Opera, will make the Rehearſal better than the Play.

Hains, Enough, Gentlemen; I have my Inſtructions——But h'ſt, the Muſick's juſt beginning. [*Exit.*

Wildblood *and* Stanmore *ſit on the Stage, whilſt the Entertainment is perform'd*; Tom. *ſtanding behind 'em.*

During a Symphony of Muſick, a Palace of *Cynthia*, near Twenty Foot high, appears within the Clouds; ſupported upon Twelve Pillars of *Lapis Lazari*; fluted with golden Darts, ſhafted and plumed with Silver; the Capitals, Baſes, and all the Enrichment of the Roof and the Etableture of Silver.

Enter the Court of Cynthia.

The Entertainment Compoſed by Mr. Daniel Purcel.

Come all you Nymphs of Cynthia's *Train,*
That tread the Azure Plain,
That melt your Hours,
And tune your Loves,
In roſy Bow'rs,
Immortal Groves:
Come all, come all, come all, and join,
In ſome new Ayrs divine.

Nymphs. *We come, we come; we need no more.*
Then ſee that ever-ſoveraign Pow'r,
Our bended Knees adore.

Chor. *We come,* &c.

To Cynthia *then our Homage pay,*
And dedicate th' eternal Day:
Her Praiſes move the heavenly Round,
Her Songs with Jo Pæans *crown'd,*
Up to her Brother's Throne ſhall ſound.

Chor. *Her Praiſes,* &c.

A Dance of Eight Figures.

The

A Dialogue between Mr. *Leveredge* and Mrs. *Croſs*.

Mr. Leveredge. *IN all our* Cynthia's *ſhining Sphere,*
Methinks the faireſt Face is here.
Say, lovely Thing, ſay what art thou?
Mrs. Croſs. *I came, Sir, from the World below.*
I once was mortal Fleſh and Blood,
And ſcarce my Beauties Bloom diſplay'd,
I dropt a tender Virgin-bud,
I play'd the Fool and dy'd a Maid:
For which the Gods have ſent me here,
To ſhine a Star in Cynthia's *Sphere.*
Leveredge. *So fair a Face,*
In a World ſo baſe,
Yet die a Maid!
Croſs. *A very, very Maid!*
Leveredge. *Have a care what you ſay.*
Croſs. *A pure, pure Maid;*
A pure, pure Maid.
Leveredge. *Are you ſure you don't lie?*
Croſs. *A pure, pure Maid, and I'll tell you why.*
The Truth that I tell will plainly be ſeen,
For I dy'd ſo very young, not full Thirteen.
Do you think I wou'd deceive ye?
Leveredge. *No, no, I believe ye.*
That Wonder in an Age may once be ſeen;
There may be a Maid not full Thirteen.
But were you to live your Life o're again;
Oh what wou'd you do, what wou'd you do then?
I am very much afraid,
You wou'd ſtill die a Maid;
Keep your ſweet Virgin-Innocence all unſhaken;
I fear you'd die a Maid.
Croſs. *I fear you're miſtaken.*
Leveredge. *How, not die a Maid?*
Croſs. *No, no, not I;*
Not die a Maid, and I'll tell you why.
Theſe Eyes I am ſure were for Love deſign'd,
And theſe Charms they were lent me to bleſs Mankind.
Then ſhall I die a Maid?
Leveredge. *Oh no, no, no.*
I hope you have more more Wit than ſo.
Croſs. *I am ſure I have more more Wit than ſo.*

[*Exeunt* Cynthia's *Court*, &c.

Fr. W. Well, Tenant, how doſt thou like all this?

Tom. Rarely Sir, rarely! Well, I have heard of your Crownations, but never ſaw one before.

N. St. And now you have ſeen a Crownation, what do you think on't?

Tom. Think! Oh Lord, Sir, I never Thought in my Life; but I pay'd off with Conſidering. And, let me tell you, as one wiſe Man may ſay to another, Gadſooks, Squire, that Harlotry Counteſs, that little ſinging Queen there, were ſhe but two Heads higher, three Quarters more in the Waiſt, and but half ſo plump as my Mother, to fill an Elbow-Chair, and crack a Down bed; udsbud ſhe'd make a Wife for a High Conſtable.

Enter Hayns, *and a Man carrying a Wig, Hat, Suit of fine Cloths*, &c.

Hayns, Oh Gentlemen! what have you done?

Fr. W. Why, what's the Matter?

Hayns, Deſtroy'd and ruin'd us! *N. St.* Heav'n forbid, Sir!

Hayns, Brought this young Stranger here, this lovely Stranger; that Face, thoſe Eyes, to ſteal our Princeſs Heart. *Tom.* Who me!

Hayns, Oh Gentlemen! our Queen, our poor dear Queen, ſhe ſighs, ſhe dies, and all for this ſweet Face.

Tom. For *Tom. Dawkins?*

Hayns, Ay Sir, who are you? ſay; what Lord? what Hero? what Prince diſguiſed?

Tom. I a Prince! my Mother keeps a Garden, Sir, and ſells Carrets.

Hayns, How Sir! no Prince?

Tom. Prince, Sir! why I am a Cow-keeper.

Hains. Well, if you are no Prince, I muſt make you one.

Tom. O lo! [*Whips a Hat and Feather upon his Head.*

Hayns, But quick; uncaſe, diſmantle; and come Dreſs, Rig, Robe, Sparkle, Shine, Sir. *Tom.* All this for me?

Hayns, Ask no Queſtions before Supper. [*Dreſſes him in a lac'd Coat*, &c.
Now, noble Sir, lead on; appear in Glory:
Look like your ſelf; and drive the World before ye.
Bear up your Head; ſtrut, ſwagger, cock; look high:
For ſuch a Queen——

Tom. Oh Landlord! who am I? [*Exeunt.*

ACT.

ACT III.

SCENE Mr. *Deputy*'s House.

Enter Sir Dottrel *and* Palmerin, *now call'd* Shackarel, *Sir* Dottrel's *Man:* Palmerin *advances half way cross the Stage, with a Candle before his Master.*

Sir Dot. CErtainly this young Witch must have some Charm upon me; for now can I no more forbear running to this fair Destruction, than a Squirrel into the Mouth of a Rattle-snake; for I must see her again. 'Tis true, 'tis a little of the latest to make Visits at this time of Night; and yet who knows but 'tis the best Hour of teaching coy Girls to speak Sense, as young Sterlings to talk English, at sleeping time.

Pal. Oh Sir, the rarest Discovery.

Sir Dot. Ha! what's the Matter?

Pal. Only yonder's your Mistress, all in Darkness, alone in her Closet, upon her Knees, at Pray'rs, Sir.

Sir Dot. At Pray's! why has she the Confidence to look Heav'n in the Face, after this Mornings wickedness——But take away the Candle, Sirrah; and slip into the next Room——

Pal. Why what are you going to do? I hope your Worship will not be so rude, as to disturb her Devotion.

Sir Dot. No; but my Worship will be so rude, as to listen to her Devotion. And so get you gone, you Rascal. [*Exit* Palmerin *with the Candle.*] Now will I steal to her Closet-door, and hear what kind of Pray'rs she makes; for by the number of her sins, here will be a swinging Confession——Now, if my old Ears don't fail me—— [Palmerin, *as soon as he has carried out the Candle, returns, and stands by his Master cross the Stage; and enters with* Jacintha, *at the furthest Door. She Laughs entring.*

Sir Dot. So merry at her Devotion! [*She Laughs again.*] Pray'rs!

Jac. I have laugh'd till my Sides ake! Such an old Fool. [*Smiling.*

Sir Dot. Ha! *Pal.* Such a Cudden of Fourscore? [*Smiling.*

Sir Dot. Death and Goblins! what's here?

Jac. Such a Tool of a Husband! [*Smiling.*

Pal. Such an Animal for a City Monster!

Sir Dot. Prayr's! in the Devils Name.

Pal. And wilt thou make a reverend Dormouse of him, to sleep, and snort and snore; whilst we embrace, and sport and toy——

Jac. Sleep, while we embrace! sleep! no, he shall wake and see it all. By this good Night, I'll make him that tame horn'd Beast, that he shall lock the Door, hold the Candle, and light us to Bed.

Sir Dot. Shall he so, Gypsey?

Jac. Such a contented Monster, he shall buy him a new pair of Spectacles to

see how close we Kiss together; nay, hang my whole Bed-chamber like a Beau's Dressing-room, all round with Looking-glasses, to see how his Horns become him. [*Laughing.*

Sir Dot. Jilts, Traytors——But I'll contain my self. One Minutes Patience more; and then, my Brace of Firebrands——

Jac. Oh we have melted in ten thousand Raptures, dissolv'd in Bliss, and surfeited in Pleasure. But come, my Love, come to my Arms once more. Oh, I'll be kinder than the Flow'r o'th' Sun; throw open all my Bosom and my Charms, to thy warm Joys.

Pal. My Life, my Soul, my Heaven. [*Kissing each their own Hand.*

Sir Dot. Before my Face! nay then——Whores, Rogues, Witches! have I caught ye? [*Running to seize him, but catches her.*

Jac. I am betray'd and ruin'd——Fly, my Dear; leap out oth' Window, climb up the Chimney; save, save my Honour: I would not have my Father see you for ten thousand Worlds. [*Holding him fast, with one Hand cross his Mouth.*

Sir Dot. Help, Murder Treason; stop, stop Thief.

Jac. Stop your bawling Throat.

Re-enter Palmerin *with a Candle, at which she lets him go.*

Pal. Did you call, Sir?

Sir Dot. Call, Rascal! Ay, where were you, you Dog, that you came no sooner?

Enter Mr. Deputy.

Mr. Dep. What's the Noise here?

Sir Dot. Oh, Sir, here has been galloping Doings.

Mr. Dep. What Doings?

Sir Dot. What? why, here has been the great Devil, and all the little Devils at Hot-cockles; and Belzebub and his Dam at Barly-break.

Mr. Dep. Hey day, what's all this?

Sir Dot. Here has been the whole Tribe and Generation of Whoredom and Roguedom, and Horndom and Cuckoldom; and so much Impudence, as has almost struck me deaf, blind and dumb.

Mr. Dep. What do you mean, Sir?

Sir Dot. Mean? why here has been a young *Belswagger*, a great He-Rogue, with your Daughter, Sir.

Mr. Dep. My Daughter! *Jac.* With me!

Sir Dot. With thee——thou Imp of Satan!

Jac. All this to me; to me, thou barbarous Man. Oh Sir, believe him not; all meer wild Distraction. Alas, Sir, I was on my bended Knees to Heaven!

Sir Dot. Heav'n! O lo, Heav'n!

Jac. With all my kindest Pray'rs, to make me blest in dear *Sir Dotrel's* Arms; beseeching all the Pow'rs of Love to crown our nuptial Joys, with a fair sweet Fire-side, all pretty Lambs, his own dear Pictures; honourable as their Father, and virtuous as their Mother.

Sir Dot. Ooh—— [*Groaning.*

Jac.

Jac. All the true Patterns of my own ſweet Innocence——And baſe, falſe Man, is this th' unkind Return——

Sir Dot. Oh Sir, Sir; never was ſuch a hideous Pack of all Romance, Cheats, Villany; as I am an Alderman, an honourable Merchant of the City, that never told Lie in my whole Life (except at the Change or Cuſtom-houſe;) I tell you, Sir, once more, here was a Raſcal here, a young Raſcal, and a Rampant Raſcal; I heard him, caught him, nay and had ſeiz'd him too, but that young Traitreſs flew in my Face, took me by the Throat, ſtopt my Mouth—— Bid her young Ruffain leap out oth' Window, climb the Chimny——

Jac. Oh, my chaſte Ears!

Mr. Dep. Sir *Dotrel*, I am aſhamed of you. Leap out oth' Window, climb the Chimny; when my Windows are lock'd and bolted, and I have the Keys in my Pocket. My Chimney's all Iron-grated, ſcarce room for a Swallow's Neſt: My Doors all barr'd and chain'd; and a Man in my Houſe, at this time of Night, without my Knowledge, when I have ten thouſand Pound in Gold and Jewels by me? Oy fye, Sir *Dotrel*, fye; you make me bluſh for you.

Sir Dot. Do you all conſpire againſt me? I have Witneſſes; I'll prove what I have ſaid. Here's my Man *Shackrel* ſhall ſwear it all——Come, Sirrah, upon the Oath you have taken, do you know the Priſoner at the Bar?

Pal. Yes, very well.

Sir Dot. Were not you all the while in the next Room by her?

Pal. I was, Sir.

Sir Dot. And you heard all?

Pal. Heard! what Sir?

Sir Dot. Heard what Sir? Why her Prayers, (as ſhe calls 'em) her Witches Litany, that ſhe and her young *Mephiſtophilus* were conjuring together.

Pal. Conjuring and *Mephiſtophilus!* Mercy upon us; what do you mean?

Sir Dot. Mean! why did you hear nothing?

Pal. Not a Syllable. *Sir Dot.* How, Sirrah?

Pal. I hear! Alas, Sir, what had I to do hear? I was bred more a Gentleman, and have better Manners than to be an Eveſ-dropper.

Sir Dot. A plague o' your Gentility. But Sirrah, Raſcal, Hang-dog, where were your Ears, you Scoundrel? 'Twas impoſſible but you muſt hear her——

Pal. Not one word, Sir.——Alas, Sir, I was at my own Pray'rs; and had more ſerious Meditations of my own, than to liſten to hers.

Jac. Ay, now you ſee my Innocence appears, when his own Witneſſes confront his Falſhood. Nay, Sir, juſt ſuch another falſe Alarm, was his laſt hideous Out-cry.

Mr. Dep. All Diſtraction: Ay, my dear Child, 'tis now too plain.

Sir Dot. Sir, on my Knees I ſwear, in the great Preſence——

Jac. Oh, have a care——

Sir Dot. All I have ſaid is the Truth, and the whole Truth, and nothing but the Truth; ſo help me——

Jac. Yet hold, Sir: Do you know the frightful Sin of Perjury——— I would not have you Forſworn——

Sir Dot. Forſworn!

Jac. Not for a thousand Kingdoms.——Oh, Sir *Dotrel*, though you have us'd me barbarously, yet still I love you but too well; have a more tender Kindness for you, then to let you hazard your sweet precious Soul.

Sir Dot. Syren and Crocadile! Madam, a word with you. Are not you a Monster? [*Aside to her.*

Jac. No; but I've taken care to make You a Monster. [*Aside to him.*

Sir Dot. Do you hear that, Sir; now she confesses all.

Jac. Confesses! 'Las, poor Gentleman, I pity him. I fear he has sat up too late, and want of Sleep makes him talk idly. Go, Sir *Dotrel*, go home to Bed and Rest. To Morrow Morning you'll come and ask me Pardon for your Folly; and I am that good-natur'd Thing, I vow, I shall forgive you all.

Mr. Dep. Forgive him! no; 'tis too much Mercy; more than he has deserv'd.

Jac. Nay, Sir, don't you be angry with him too. It is enough I chide him for his Faults.

Sir Dot Daughter and Father; *Jezabel* and *Lucifer*! Rogues, Whores, and Jilts; and all your Shams, Plots, Treasons; your Race, your Family, your whole Generation, all to the Devil; and so good Night to you.

[*Exit with* Palmerin.

Jac. Ay, do you hear him now? Is this a Husband for your *Jacintha*? True, I could have lov'd him, had he deserv'd it: But such hideous Jealousies, such Dreams, such wild Chimera's; who can bear them?

Mr. Dep. No more, my Child, I own I've been too blame; I'll be no more a Tyrant, but a Father.

Jac. Nay, then you are all Goodness.

Enter Palmerin.

Pal. Your Doors are lockt, Sir, and we want your Hand.

Mr. Dep. Yes, honest *Shackarel*, I'll release your mad Man. [*Exit with* Palm.

Jac. So; I have conjur'd down th' old Haunting-Devil,
And now to raise the younger Sprights of Love:
Some magick Spell to circle in my *Palmerin*
Safe in my Father's Heart, and in my Arms:
'Tis that last Conjuration crowns my Charms. [*Exit.*

The Scene draws, and discovers a magnificent Pallace, consisting of Seven Arches, extending near Thirty Foot high, the Pillars of which are white twisted Marble; the Capitals, Bases and Girdles circuled with Foliage, Fruitage, *Cupids* and Coronets of Gold; the whole entire Roof of all these Arches enrich'd with Pannels, Mouldings, and carved Flowers of Gold; the Visto continued with a new Order of *Dorick* Pillars of *Egyptian* Marble, terminating with a Triumphal Arch.

Enter

Enter Tom. *like a Beau*, Wildblood, Stanmore, *and* Hayns.

Fr. W. I wish you Joy: You are the happy Man.

N. St. Ay, Sir, 'tis you that conquer all the Beauties.

Tom. And does this little Foppety Queen so love me, say ye?

Hayns, Love you! Why, she'll make a little Emperor of you.

Tom. An Emperor! O lo!

Hayns, Pshaw nothing Sir, nothing; an Emperor! she'll make you—let me see what will she make ye?—A Great Mogul, a Crim Tartar, a Lord Mufti: Oh the Devil and all, Sir.

Tom. All these great Folks together, and the Devil and all too?

Hayns, Ay, ay, Sir; all.

Tom. Limini! what a swinging great Fellow shall be!

N. St. Ay, Sir, you see how Fortune smiles upon ye.

Fr. W. You have the Ladies Hearts.

Tom. Squire—don't be daunted, bear a good Heart. I shall be a Great Gull, a Grum Cartar, a Lord Monkey, and the Devil and all: But—you shall find me civil.

Fr. W. Oh Sir, we thank you for this gracious Favour.

N. St. We shall be proud to be your humble Servants.

Tom. Servants! Now you talk on't, I shall want some such sort of paltry Fellows about me; and—let me see—I'll have—Squires to my Footmen, and Knights for my Pages——And——

Fr. W. What shall we be?

Tom. Lords, Gentlemen; Lords. I'll make you two Lords.

N. St. This is a Grace too great.

Tom. Lords, both Lords. What a swinging great Fellow shall I be?

Hayns, But see, she comes.

Enter Cynthia's *Train.*

Tom. Comes! I gad and so she does.

The Musick set by Mr. Daniel Purcel.

Look round, look round, and here behold,
Fair Cynthia's *shining Roof of Gold;*
Bright as the blushing Morning's Beams,
And spangl'd like her Heaven with Gems:
So high, its towring Head it shrouds,
Above the Clouds;
And all her glitt'ring Turrets rise,
To kiss the Skies.

And

And now within her ſmiling Sphere,
To feaſt her Eye, and charm her Ear;
We'll call ſome airy Forms to play,
And dance the jovial Hours away.

If airy Forms can dance the meaſure,
We have thoſe Delights can pleaſe her;
For oh! we'll raiſe up from below,
That Thing of Air, they call a BEAU.

Then Cynthia's *Revels to attend,*
Aſcend, ye empty Forms, aſcend:
Aſcend, and dance your airy Round,
Ye Forms made up of Breath and Sound.

Chor. *Aſcend*, &c.

Two BEAU's ariſe from under the Stage; to whom enter Two Young Ladies, and dance.

A Dialogue between Mrs. *Croſs* and Mrs. *Lucas.*

Mrs. Croſs. *OH dear, ſweet Sir, you look ſo gay,*
So fair; you ſteal my Heart away:
That Mien, that Shape, that Face, that Air——

Mrs. Lucas. *What does the Creature ſay?*

Croſs. *In thoſe ſweet Eyes ſuch Charms I ſee,*
They wound, they kill; they wound, they ſlay:

Lucas. *Alas, ſuch little Things as Thee,*
I kill a ſcore a Day.

Croſs. *Oh turn but one kind Look on me,*
My racking Pains to view;

Lucas. *No fooliſh, prating Thing, you ſee,*
I have ſomething elſe to do.

Croſs. *Then cannot you love?*

Lucas. *No, no; not I.*

Croſs. *This too unkind Requital:*
Ah Cruel! can you ſee me die?

Lucas. *I care not, ſtop my Vital.*

Croſs. *Nay, if I can't your Love ſubdue,*
But find your Heart ſo coy;
By Jove, *I'll be a Beau, like you,*
And make my Glaſs my Joy.

Lucas. *But Time perhaps——*

Croſs. *Nay, now I've done.*

Lucas. *Theſe Women act by Spight all;*
You ſhould not fly, when I come on:

Croſs. *I care not, ſtop my Vital.* [*Exeunt* Cynthia's *Train.*

Tom.

Tom. Gone! Gone! and not ſaid one word!

Hayns. Oh Lord, Sir, ſhe's only gone to drop off her Company, and will be here again in the turning of a Pancake, all alone, in your Arms, Sir, your Arms. *Tom.* Sayſt thou ſo, old Boy?

[*Enter a Player, and whiſpers Mr.* Hayns.

Hayns. Sir, here's his Mother at the Door, [*To* Wildblood] with a whole Kennel at her Heels, all upon the Hunt for their Booby.

Fr. W. Oh prithee *Joe* let her in——Here will be ſuch a comical Greeting betwixt the Cub and the Dam, to ſee her Baboon ſo ſparkified.

N. St. Oh an excellent Scene, no doubt on't. But our Company will ſpoil all; and therefore we'll march off, give him a clear Stage, and ſo take the pleaſure of peeping behind the Curtain——Well, noble Prince, our Company will but hinder your Joys in your dear Princeſs Arms; and therefore we'll humbly take our leaves.

Tom. Ay, ay, troop Vermine, troop; our Queen and I muſt be private. A Queen! a Lady! a Princeſs! Now ſhall I be the Devil knows what.

[*Exeunt* Wildblood, Stanmore, *and* Hayns.

Enter Mrs. Suſan.

Suſ. Ha! my Couſin *Tommy*. What do I ſee? Ay, ay, 'tis he.

Tom. What a ſwinging great Fellow ſhall I be?

Enter Widow, *and a Country-man.*

Suſ. Oh Aunt, Aunt! the rareſt ſight: Yonder's my Couſin *Tommy* as fine as a little Prince; ſo gay, ſo rich, ſo pretty; I vow and ſwear it does me almoſt as much good as a young Husband, to ſee him look ſo ſweetly.

Wid. Bleſs me, my Son!

Countrym. Son! Neighbour! I gad chi may be the Sun in the Firmament, by the ſhining on't.

Wid. My Boy! 'tis impoſſible.

Suſ. Nothing impoſſible in this Town of *London*. Why, I was a Princeſs my ſelf, no longer ago than laſt *Valentine*'s Day, in my Lord *Prettyman*'s Chamber.

Wid. Son; Son *Tommy!*

Tom. A Great Gull, a Grum Cartar, a Lord Monkey.

Wid. What ſays the Boy?

Tom. My Queen, my Princeſs; come to my Arms, my Arms, my little Gypſey.

Suſ. Oh Aunt, Aunt, I have found it out. May I never be Kiſs'd between ſleeping and waking, if I don't believe ſome great Lady is faln in Love with him. *Wid.* Lady!

Suſ. And, Bleſſing of her Heart, has dreſt him thus Fine, to make a Man of him.

Wid. Make a Man of my Infant! Mercy upon us; what ſays the Wench? Ay, ay, 'tis ſo: Undone, undone! my Boy, my poor Boy——

Suſ. Why, what's the matter, Aunt?

Wid. Oh Couſin, Couſin; ſome wicked lewd Jezabel has debauch'd my Lamb,

my

my Infant, my Dilling; debauch'd him, whor'd him, ravish'd him: Ay, ay, they have found him out; but Whores, Jades, Witches, I shall spoil your sport——Why Sirrah, Dog, Puppey.

Tom. I will so tumble her and rumble her; and rowze her and touze her——

Wid. Will you so, Rascal. [*Snatches off his Wig.*] *Tom.* O lo!

Wid. Why Varlet, Villain, Scoundrel; who the Devil's your Taylor? who made you this Bully? But I'll thunder you out of your Whore's Livery.

Suf. Oh fye, Aunt, do not disparage the Ladies Favours.

Wid. Favours! Ay, I'll favour him with a Vengeance. But come, Neighbour, lend me your Hand. Come, strip Vermin, strip; uncase Rascal, uncase.

[*The Widow and Country-man pull off his Cloaths.*

Tom. Help, murder; Thieves, Thieves; Help, help.

Wid. Ay, roar Bull, roar. Did I pay my Landlord Forty good Pounds for you this Morning, ye ungrateful Varlet, to set up for a Bully, a Royster, a Rogue, a Tory! But here's some of my Mony again; I'll carry these to the Brokers, and let your Whores buy you more.

Tom. Rob'd, kill'd, murder'd! Thieves, Thieves; stop Thieves.

Enter Wildblood *and* Stanmore.

Fr. W. What's the Matter, here? *Wid.* My Landlord!

Tom. Oh, Sir, she has rob'd me! Call a Judge, and carry her before a Constable; I'll have her hang'd.

Fr. W. How, hang your Mother?

Tom. Ay, hang her, Sir; she's a Thief and a Witch, and a Crocadile; she has rob'd me, and strip'd me, and bound me and gag'd me, and thrown me into a Ditch: I'll swear it all point-blank against her; and if there be ever a Gallows in Forty Miles round, I'll hang her my self.

Wid. Ay, Sir, do you hear the Rebel? Oh Landlord, never had poor Woman such a graceless Brat. Look ye, Sir, is this Pound of Whore's Hair, and this Load of Foppery, a Garb for honest *Barnaby Dawkins*'s Son? Nay, have I bred him up to his Catechize and Psalter; carried him to Church with me twice a Day, and now to have him debauch'd, defiled? Nay, and a young Rogue too, not full One and twenty. Ah, Sir, had he had the Grace to follow my steps, he would never have stray'd thus wickedly. I am sure his poor Mother was never debauch'd till many a fair Day after his Age. To my sorrow, I saw almost full Thirty before I could say Black's Black. But a young Rogue, to run after Jades, Sluts, Trulls——

Tom. Sluts and Trulls! what my Princess! Do you hear that, Sir: Bear witness, Gentlemen; I'll swear High Treason against her.

N St. Come, no more Noise; all shall be mended.

Fr. W. And, Widow, I'll answer for your Boy, and his Honesty: And so pray give him his Cloaths again: They are only a small Token of my Favour.

Wid. Ay, with all my Heart, and Heav'ns bless your Worship. Here *Tommy*. [*Gives him his Cloaths.*

Tom. Uh! Thief. [*Puts them on.*

Wid. And is my Boy honest? And did your Worship give him all these fine Cloaths?

Cloaths? Bleſs your ſweet Eyes for't. Nay, my Boy well dreſt and trimm'd, and ſpruc'd, has the Countenance of a Gentleman. I aſſure you, Sir, though I ſay it, he has very good Blood in his Veins: For I'll tell you, Sir, your Worſhip's good Father (Heaven reſt his Soul) lay at my Houſe, that very Day four Months before I quicken'd of my *Tommy*. I remember't to an hour. Ah Squire, he was a good Man, and ſuch a very kind Landlord——

N. St. Death, *Frank!* ſhe'll claim Kindred with thee, and make her Booby thy Brother anon.

Fr. W. Gad, I think ſo too. Well, Widow, if you dare truſt me with your Boy; I'll anſwer for his good Behaviour.

Wid. Truſt the noble Squire! Ay, with my Virginity. How ſweetly my Bloſſom, my Bud, looks: It becomes him ſo prettily, that I vow I muſt kiſs my Kid; I can't forbear. [*Kiſſes* Tom.

Tom. Kiſs! *Judas!*

Fr. W. Nay, Squire, if you ſhould carry him to a young Girl, of your Worſhip's Acquaintance, in a civil way; no Diſparagement, my Bird, my Cockarel, he's a true Game-breed, Sir; will ſhame neither Father nor Mother; and I'll turn him looſe in any Ground in Chriſtendom. And ſo Squire, your Servant. *Tommy*, Day, day; day, day. [*Exit* Widow *and* Suſan.

Tom. Ay march, troop; ſhew your Shapes.

Enter Hayns.

Oh are you come! well; where's my Princeſs?

Hayns, Your Princeſs—— *Tom.* My dear hony Queen.

Hayns, Why, ſhe's gone, Sir. *Tom.* Gone! gone!

Hayns, March'd, gone, gallop'd away, as faſt as a Coach and ſix Horſes could drive her.

Tom. Nay, I hope you do but tell me ſo.

Hayns, Why what ſhould ſhe do here? Here was a roaring *Billingſgate*, bawling Sow—— *Tom.* My Mother!

Hayns, So frighten'd her out of her Princely Wits, that ſhe's gone, clear gone.

Tom. Here's fine Work! Do you ſee now, do you ſee what you have done? You wou'd not have her hang'd; no, not you. Oh unfortunate, unfortunate! Here ſhould I have been a Great Gull, and a Lord Monky; and now ſhall I be nothing but little ſneaking *Tom. Dawkins.*

Fr. W. Nay, this is a little too hard.

Tom. Hard! why 'tis Fire and Gun powder! the Devil and Dr. *Foſter!* Mothers! a plague of all ſucking Bottles, if theſe be your Mothers. But you would not have her hang'd. Udſooks, had ſhe been hang'd ſeven Years before I was born, it had been the happieſt Day I had ever ſeen in my Life.

Hayns, Come, Spark, not quite to break your Heart; your Princeſs will be here again to morrow.

Tom. Ha: dear hony Boy, to morrow!

Hayns, You'll be here next Reheariſal, and bring your Fool again?

Fr. W. Ay, ay. *Hayns*, Let me alone to manage him.

Tom. But will my little Princeſs——

Hayns, Be here again to morrow.

Tom. And ſhall her Great Gull——

Hayns, Have her in your Arms; ſleep with her, wake with her, dream with her, go to Bed to her; kiſs her, love her, lie by her——

Tom. How! go to Bed with her?

Hayns, All in your Arms. The tendereſt, ſofteſt, kindeſt, melting ——

Tom. Hah!

Hayns, A clear fair Stage, Sir, and from you no Quarter;
And fall aboard her like a——

Tom. Great Grum Carter. [*Exeunt.*

ACT IV.

The Scene a Wood, near Thirty Foot high, the Paintings meeting in Circle; all the Side-Pieces and Back-Scene cut throngh, to ſee a farther Proſpect of a Wood, continued to the Extent of the Houſe. An Imperial Bed appears on the Stage of Crimſon Silk, enrich'd and furl'd with Gold, and other Ornaments; with a Bed and rich Counterpane, *Tom.* lying in it.

Enter Wildblood, Stanmore *and* Hayns.

Hayns, AND how do you like your Lodging, noble Prince?

Tom. Oh daintily, daintily: But when will ſhe come? when will ſhe come? dear Boy.

Hayns, Oh in three Minutes: Till then ſhe has commanded me to entertain you with a Dance.

Tom. A pox o' Dancing: I want my Queen.

Hayns, Oh fye, Sir; her Majeſty never goes to Bed without a Dance.

Tom. Say you ſo? what a capering young Gipſey ſhall I have? and how ſhall we Two Friſk it together!

Two Dancers enter, who are immediately interrupted by Thunder.

Tom. O Lord! [*The Bed and all the Furniture drops down under the Stage.*

Tom. Oh the Devil, the Devil, the Devil: Help, Murder, Murder. [*Sinks.*

Fr. W. Stay Prince, and take your Miſtreſs with you.

N. St. Your Queen; your Princeſs!

Fr. W. Ay, *Joe*, now thou haſt entertain'd us——This was a Maſter-piece.

Hayns, Nay, as ſimple as I ſtand here, this very Machine came over from *France*.

N. St. From *France*!

Hayns,

Hayns, *Alamode de Parte*, I can assure ye. For I'll tell ye; I the Engineer-Royal of the King's House, and my Brother-Engineers of the Duke's House, went over into *France* together; and this Machine, and a few Clouds of Clouts, was all we brought over for Two Thousand Guineas.

Fr. W. Nay, such an Engineer-General deserves Encouragement. Pray Mr. *Hayns*, let me present you with Five Guineas.

N. St. And the same Number from me——

Hayns, Which makes the Sum just Ten,
I have not shar'd so much the Lord knows when.

A Song sung by Miss ——; set by Mr. *Purcel*.

Young Strephon *met me to'ther Day,*
And courted me to Toy and Play:
He talk'd of twenty pretty Things,
Of Darts, and Flames, and Cupid's *Wings.*
What need he tell me o're and o're,
I had a thousand Charms and more?
My Glass had told me that before.

And then he fell to Sobbing, Sighing,
Cooing, Wooing, Whining, Crying;
All but Dying.

I knew what he meant; I saw't in his Eyes,
'Twas all but a pack of flattering Lies:
'Twas all but a Sham,
All, all that he said;
For Young though I am,
Young, Young as I am;
I am too Old to be betray'd.

Fr. W. Well, Miss, this is a particular Favour; and I am a new Gown in your Debt for't. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *Mr.* Deputy's *House*.

Enter Sir Dottrel *and* Palmerin.

Pal. How! marry her!

Sir Dot. Ay, marry her; so I say.

Pal. I thought Sir, you had utterly renounced her; thrown out the treacherous Serpent from your Bosom, and weaned your Heart from all your childish Follies. *Sir Dot.* I thought so too.

Pal. And are you then relapst, faln sick again of your old doting Frenzy? Pray remember you have forsaken her, left her, scorned her, curst her: Curst her and her whole Race; nay, and her Father——

Sir

Sir Dot. Is a very honeſt Gentleman: He and I are ſuch good Friends again.

Pal. Friends! 'tis impoſſible.

Sir Dot. Nothing more certain. By the ſame good Token he has promis'd me his Daughter; and I'll marry her.

Pal. Do you you know what you do, Sir? Marry a Creature of her Lewdneſs and Infamy? A Man of your Years to marry a Girl of Nineteen? Why, 'tis cutting a New-River-Head; you lay in Pipes for half the Watercocks in the Town, Sir.

Sir Dot. Why, truly, that may be. And yet I have conſider'd the whole Buſineſs; and for Thirty three ſubſtantial Reaſons I am reſolved to marry her.

Pal. Reaſons!

Sir Dot. Ay, Reaſons: In the firſt Place, as thou ſayſt, a thouſand to one but ſhe makes me a Cuckold; the more Danger the more Honour, *Shackarel.*—— In the next Place, I am a very old Fellow, and a very little Love will ſerve my Turn. And if ſhe ſhould take a ſmall Snap abroad, to mend her ſhort Commons at Home; thou know'ſt *Shackarel*, that every Thing would live; and I am a Man of more Conſcience than to keep a poor Thing to ſtarve it.

Pal Conſcience, with a Vengeance!

Sir Dot. And then if I am a Cuckold, I have a number of Brothers at this City end of the Town: I am but one of the Crowd, and ſhall have a great deal of good Company.

Pal. And wou'd you go to the Devil for Company?

Sir Dot. Go to the Devil! Oh fye no. Cuckolds go to Heav'n, *Shackarel*;—— and Heav'ns a ſweet Place. And as our Parſon told me t'other Day, 'tis a very difficult Matter to get to Heav'n, eſpecially with Uſe upon Uſe, and Bags upon Bags, with rack'd Rents and ſcrew'd Tenants, and Widows Sighs and Orphans Tears: And above all, the lamentable Out-cry of Stock-jobbing and Bank-Bills; Receipts of good Gold, and Payments of Paper, *Shackarel.* Then what can I do better, than marry a young Wife to ſend me to Heav'n, when I ſhall find it ſo hard to get thither my ſelf. And therefore *Nolens volens*, *Nemine contradicente*, I'll marry *Jacintha.* *Pal.* Well, Sir, if you dare marry her——

Sir Dot. Dare! It is decreed, nor ſhall thy Fate, oh Cuckoldom,
Reſiſt my Vow: Though Horns were ſet on Horns,
And Brows met Brows to guard me, I wou'd through;
Hard as the Rocks, ſteep as the Alps in Front,
I'll wave my tall Brow-Antlers in the Clouds,
And yet bear up my Head, my Head, proud Citizen.

Pal. Well; if you have the Courage of a ſecond *Cataline*, and dare play his deſperate Game, and meet his deſperate Fate, you ſhall marry *Jacintha*; and ſo take what follows.

Sir Dot. Take what follows! ſo I will. I'm ſure of the firſt good Night, and to the Gods belongs to Morrow. And ſo *Shackarel*, do thou go to her, tell her a piece of my Mind; and if thou canſt get her to take a Walk into my Lord *Squanderland*'s Garden, where I'll meet her, and prepare her for the Day of Jubilee: And ſo ſpeed the Plough. [*Exit.*

Pal. Speed the Gallows! Thou art full ripe for a Hempen Nooſe, but too rotten for a Wedlock one—— One

Our Plots are all unravell'd. This laſt Dotage
Has baffled all my Hopes, broke all my meaſures:
What can I do, or think! I'll to *Facunda*,
See what new Politicks her Brain can form.
I want that lovely Pilot in this ſtorm.
When Man's ſoft ſenſes, all are run a Drift,
'Tis Womans Wit muſt ſave at a Dead lift. *Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Mr. Deputy.

Mr. Dep. Now does it puzle my whole City-Politicks to know what to make of this Sir *Dottrell*. To be a little doating mad, at reverend Fourſcore, is but a natural Frenzy: But to be high raving mad, to ſtart into Lunatick Fits, and ſee Sprights and Goblins, Viſions of Whores, and Horns, againſt all ſenſe and reaſon; this warm Dog-ſtar at his Cold Chriſtmas tideis ſomething unaccountable. But no matter, though he's a little craz'd in the Brain, he's very ſound in the Pocket.—Five thouſand a year is worth twice five ſenſes; He has Money to compound for his Wit, and Acres for his Intellects; and ſo nihil obſtante he ſhall marry my Daughter.

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir, my Young Maſter is come to wait upon you. [*Exit Servant.*

Enter Ned Stanmore.

Mr. Dep. Well Son; what news from your Temple-walks? How do your Rooks and your Lawyers plume their Neſts together? what Muſick betwixt thoſe Birds of a Feather, this high Illiable Term with them?

Ned St. Why faith, Sir, I can't tell what Muſick our Temple-Rooks make, but your City Ravens croak but ſcurvily.

Mr. Dep. Ravens!

Ned St. Ay, your old Antiquirated Ravens. Fur and Night-cap, Age and Impotence. An old Fuſty City-Alderman that has out liv'd the Crow; An Egg in Great *Hall*'s Reign, Hatch'd in little *Ned*'s, Feather'd in Queen *Beſſes*, and Moulted in Old *Noll*'s.

Mr. Dep. How, Son!

Ned St. Even ſo, Sir. And yet this Buzzard, this Craven, this old Bird of Night wants a young Neſt again; To Coo and Bill, and Couple and mate in the Devil's name. Well, Sir, if his Old Chops muſt be mumbling again, get him a Beldame; feed him with his own natural Crows meat, Carrion; not Chicken and Partridge, my Siſter, Sir.

Mr. Dep. How now; Royſter! you are very briſk, Young Sir.

Ned St. Something younger than Sir *Dottrell*, my Twenty-two a little ſhort of his Ninety-two.

Mr. Dep. Do you know where you are, Sir?

Ned St. In the preſence of a Father.

Mr. Dep. Then where's your Reſpect and Duty——

Ned St. Paid to your Character and Virtues; not to your Weakneſs and Injuſtice. In ſhort, Sir, this *Sir Dottrell*——

Mr. Dep.

Mr. Dep. Is the Man of the VVorld——
Ned St. Shall never be my Brother-in-law.
Mr. Dep. He shan't!
Ned. St. No, shall not!
Mr. Dep. How, Bully, do you come to bid Defiance to me,
To give me Battle? Ha!
Ned St. If Prayers and Tears
Are Battling Weapons, Sir, I come all arm'd against you:
I do beseech you, Sir, let Nature, Pity,
Justice, Humanity, all plead against this unequal Match.
Look on my Sisters Youth, her Virgin Bloom,
VVorthy a warmer Bed than such a Sepulchre:
Nay, Sir, if I may boast her Charms, her stock
Of Beauty——
Mr. Dep. Is a Match for *Sir Dottrel*, Boy;
Beauty to Beauty, Son; his Gold and her Eyes,
They'll sparkle together, Boy: He a fair Estate,
And she the fair Mistress of it; Nothing better match'd, *Ned.*
Ned St. Match'd with a Vengeance! Yes, her Youth, and Sweets, and Charms,
To his Gout, and Cramps, and Palsies! Marry her! Bury her.
Her Bed! Her Grave, Sir.
Mr. Dep. Hold, Sir, a word with you;
Confess, and tell me true: Is this whole Outcry
Only against Sir *Dottrel*? Not one Puff
Of all this Storm for your dear Darling *Palmerin*?
Stan. Yes, Sir, if Truth must speak, I am a Champion
For that deserving Youth, that suffering Virtue,
Worthier my Sisters Heart in all his Ruines,
Then his vile Rival in his Chain of Gold.
Mr. Dep. Ay, now 'tis plain. O thou ungracious Boy!
An Advocate for Rags, and Shame, and Poverty.
N. Stan. For Worth, and Truth, and Honour.
Mr. Dep. Honour and Beggary! A black Swan and a white Crow.
Such another VVord,
And, by all the Vengeance of an Angry Father,
I'll disinherit thee.
N. Stan. As you please, Sir;
Your Son and your Estate are both your own.
But let me tell you, Sir, 'tis not th' Inheritance
Of Twenty Patrimonies shall frighten me from Justice,
Or shrink one Nerve in the great Cause of Truth.
Look ye, Sir; I can be a Martyr to Honour, but not a
Cully to Fear.
Mr. Dep. Well, thou'rt brave my Boy. But come, *Ned*;
Let you and I make a Drawn Battle between us.
Your Sister and *I* will e'en take it by Turns:

I'll

I'll diſpoſe of her whilſt ſhe's mine, and ſhe ſhall diſpoſe of her ſelf when ſhe's her own. I'll marry *Jacintha* to Old Sir *Dottrel*, and ſhe ſhall marry Sir *Dottrel*'s Widow to young *Palmerin*. For, look ye, Son; one Month of Matrimony will wheedle her into his whole Eſtate; three Months of Family-Duty break the Old Fellow's Heart; Six Months of Mourning ſerve for the Widowhood; and ſo Nine Months of Patience gets your Young *Palmerin* a Wife with 5000 *l.* a Year, to troll, ſhine, and roar with, dear Boy; worth twenty blind beggarly Bargains, to get Brats and ſtarve with.

Ned St. Nay, ſir, this ſhameful Argument—

Mr. Dep. I'll hear no more. Get you home to your Temple, read your *Littleton*, eat your Mutton, draggle your Goons, and come again (let me ſee) to morow Night. By that time I ſhall have conſider'd matters, and will give you full Satisfaction in the Point.

Ned St. On that Condition, Sir, I'm all Obedience: I'll take my Leave, and wait your Hour of Grace. [*Exit.*

Mr. Dep. Yes, Son, I'll marry her in the morning, and give thee Satisfaction at Night.

Young Counſellours Old Heads muſt never ſway;
Gold in a Fathers Scale muſt only weigh;
Let Sons Preach Honour, Int'reſt is our Play. [*Exit.*

The SCENE, *An Arborage of Palms and Laurels, conſiſting of Nine Arches, environ'd with Feſtoons of Flowers, bound with Ribbons of Gold, and held up with Flying* Cupids.

Enter Sir Dottrel, *met by* Jacintha *led by* Shackarel.

Jac. WEll, Sir *Dottrel*, here's honeſt *Shackarel* has told me your whole Mind; that you are reſolved to marry *Jacintha*, right or wrong; to take her as blind Men do Money, falſe or true, Braſs or Silver.

Sir Dott. And if thou haſt the Conſcience to cheat that Blind Man with Adulterate for Sterling, be the Sin at thy own Door.

Jac. And then you dare venture upon me?

Sir Dott. Dare! I muſt dare; for I can't live without thee.

Jac. Say you ſo, my Heart of Steel. Then let not your Noble Courage be caſt down: For to chear up your Heart, know, to the utter Confuſion of Fears and Jealouſies, I am Virtuous.

Sir Dott. Virtuous!

Jac. And will live and die ſo;
Nay, all the Affronts and Cheats I've put upon you
Have been only ſo many Trials of your Patience and your Conſtancy;
And here, before honeſt *Shackrill*, I promiſe you,
Sir Dottrel is the Man of the whole World
Shall make me th' happieſt and beſt Wife in *Chriſtendom*.

Sir Dott. I am tranſported!

Fac. Nay, my whole laſt Night's Roguery—

Sir Dott. Oh! No more of that.

Fac. Was all but a Sham-Plot.

Sir Dott. How! A Sham-Plot?

Fac. Betwixt your Man and me.

Sir Dott. My Man *Shakerell.*

Fac. Oh! I'll be kinder than the Flower o'th' Sun,
Throw open all my Boſom and my Charms
To thy warm Joys.

Palm. My Life, my Soul, my Heaven! { *Imitating their laſt Scene.*
What think you now, Sir *Dottrell?*

Sir Dott. and was it you, ye young Rogue!

Palm. Even I, Sir.

Sir Dott. But hadſt thou the Heart to put thy poor Maſter into that wicked Fright?

Palm. All my young Miſtreſs's Deſign; ſhe drew me into the Plot, and I had not the Power to refuſe a fair Lady.

Sir Dott. No, you young Smirker! Well, I am the happieſt old Toaſt in three Kingdoms: Such a Wife, and ſuch a Servant; there are not the Fellows of 'em in the whole Town, from one End to th' other; Uds bud, not from *Knaves-Acre* to *Cuckolds-Point.*

Fac. And now, to ſhew you, Sir, how much I reliſh
The welcome Joys of being a happy Bride,
I have prepar'd a Bridal Entertainment;
A Marriage-Maſque, Sir *Dottrell.*

Sir Dott. How! A Maſque!

The Ceremony of a Nuptial Entertainment perform'd. Mrs. *Croſs* the Bride, and Mr. *Leveridge* the Bridegroom.

The Muſick ſet by Mr. D. Purcel.

The Nymphs of the Plain,
And Swains of the Grove
All the whole Noble Train
Of Smiling Love:
A Jolly Jolly Troop in all our Pride,
Our happy Joys we'll ſummon;
To day we have made a Maid a Bride,
And to Night we ſhall make a Woman.

Let

Let the Blushing Miss,
That steals to the Bliss,
Take a whole Load of Shame upon her:
All the true Joys of Life
Are i'th' Arms of a Wife,
In Love's fair Bed of Honour.

Chor. *All the true Joys, &c.*

An Antick Dance.

The Shepherds sing.

So now we have done the Work of the Day,
For the Work of the Night come all Hands away.
To lay the sweet Bride,
By her Bridegroom's Side:
To Bed, to Bed with the Bride.

This again in *Chorus.*

Bridegroom, *Come, come, my dear Love, my Soul's all o' fire;*
All burning Desire,
In thy Arms to expire;
To drink the sweet Nectar of Gods in Kisses,
And taste their whole Heav'n in Blisses.
Then come, come, come away.
Bride, *Oh, What shall I do!*
Bridegroom, *Come, come, come away.*
Bride, *Oh, How shall I go to a Man, to Bed!*
I vow, I shall blush all Scarlet Red.
Bridegroom, *Prethee, prethee, hush*
All Thoughts of a Blush.
Bride, *Nay, fye, naughty Man; what a't that you want?*
Bridegroom, *All the warm sweet Blessings that Love can grant.*
Then come, come, come,
Bride, *I can't, I can't.*
Bridegroom, *Indeed, but you shall.*
Bride, *I vow, but I sha'n't.*
Bridegroom, *You must, you shall.*
Bride, *I won't, I can't.*
Bridegroom, *But come, come to Bed.*
Bride, *I shall die with Shame.*

Bridegroom,

Bridegroom. *Come, come, come away, and cast away Sorrow;*
If thou blusheſt to night, thou wilt ſmile to morrow.
Bride, *Oh, let me but lie one Night more alone!*
Bridegroom, *No, no, no.*
Bride, *Not one Night more a Maid?*
Bridegroom, *Not one.*
Bride, *Well, well; if I muſt, I'll try what I can.*
But what ſhall I do to lie by a Man?
You'll put out the Candle?
Bridegroom, *Ay, ay, ay, ay.*
Bride, *And ſhut the Door?*
Bridegroom, *Ay, ay, ay, ay.*
Bride, *And ſhall no body ſee?*
Bridegroom, *No, no body ſee.*
Bride, *And no body hear?*
Bridegroom, *No, none but we.*
Bride, *Well, well; if I muſt, I'll try what I can.*
But, what ſhall I do to lie by a Man!

Chorus, *All the true Joys of Life,* &c. [*Exeunt* Maſquers.

Sir D. I profeſs a moſt delicate Entertainment. But methinks that young Harlotry that peviſh Tit of a Bride was a little too Coy when ſhe ſhould go to Bed. I hope, my Dear, thou wilt not ſerve me ſo.

Jac. No, no, no.

Sir D. Then come along my little Honey-ſuckle.

Jac. Hold, Stay, Sir *Dottrell.* ——— Sir, before I marry, I have a requeſt which you muſt not deny me.

Sir D. Deny thee, Child! I can deny thee nothing.

Jac. Then you muſt know I have made a ſolemn Vow never to marry that Man but he that ſhall ſteal me.

Sir D. Steal thee!

Jac. Ay, and this, Sir, you muſt promiſe me, I muſt confeſs 'twas a rash haſty Vow; but Vows when they are once made, are Sacred Things; and ſhould I break them, Heaven would never bleſs me.

Sir D. But why muſt I ſteal thee?

Pal. Oh fie, Sir *Dottrell*, what ſhrink at ſo ſmall a piece of Knight Errantry, to win a Fair Lady.

Jac. Beſides, Sir *Dottrell*, I'll make it very eaſie; you Sir *Dottrell*, and your Man *Shackarell* ſhall come with a Ladder, to our Back-window, exactly at Twelve a Clock at Night. I'll ſteal the Keys of the Window, be ready to receive you, run into your Arms, trundle down the Ladder with you, knock up the Parſon, ſlip into the Church, tumble o're the *Matrimony*, troll home

to

to my Father, tell him the whole story of the Frolick, whilst you sing He smiles, I laugh, and all the Bells of the Town ring Oh be Joyful.

Sir D. Huzzah! why I'll do't; say no more, I'll do't. Steal thee! why I'll steal thee all; steal thy heart, steal to Bed to thee; steal into thy Bosom, steal into thy——Oh such Raptures! such Delight! How shall I contain me to the Wedding-night. ——

ACT V.

Enter Sir Dottrell *with a Dark Lanthorn, and* Palmarin *with a Ladder, which he sets up to the Balcony.*

Pal. See, Sir *Dottrell*, see, the Windows unlockt, the Cloud's opening, and your Dear Angel ready for descending. O you're a happy Man, Sir,—— But come aloft, Sir, mount the Walls, and Scale the Battlements.

S. *D.* But I don't like this Night-work.——But be sure you hold the Ladder fast, for if it should slip, I should fall very heavy, for five thousand a year's a great weight, *Shackarell?*

Pal. Pox on you! you are one thousand a year heavier of my Money.

S. *D.* [*Upon the Balcone.*] Now, Sirrah, stay you there, and watch till I come down again.

Pal. Ay faith; I shall watch you!——Hst, where are you?

Boy. Here, Sir. } *Enter a Boy with a Bellman's Habit, Lanthorn, &c.* Palmerin *dresses himself as a Bellman.* (*Exit Boy.*

Pal. *All you that on your Beds lye waking,*
To keep your Gity-brows from aking.
First watch your Wives, and then your Money;
And drive the Hornets from your Honey.
For fear your Spouse your Crabs inoculate,
Keep her from Beaus *and House of* Chocolate.
Preserve your Lambs from sly Court Foxes.
From Pagan Vizors, and Side-boxes.
From Hackney Coach with Wooden-windows.
From Love abroad, and none within doors.

Good Morrow my Masters all, Good Morrow: Past Twelve a Clock, and a warm Frosty Morning.——Ha! a Ladder at Mr. *Deputies* Back-window—— Why, Sir, Mr. *Deputy*.——Your House is broken open. Thieves, Thieves, Thieves.

Enter Sir Dottrell, *and* Jacintha *in her Night-Gown.*

Jac. Thieves, Thieves, Thieves!

S. *D.* Why 'tis I Child, Sir *Dottrell.* *Jac.* Sir Devil!

S. *D.* Why, Chicken, I am come to Steal thee.

Jac. Steal me, Impudence! Thieves, Thieves, Thieves!

Enter Mr. Deputy *in his Night-Gown above.*

Mr. *Dep.* Ha! my Window broke open!—— *Jac.*

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S. *D.* [*Upon the Balcone.*] Now, Sirrah, stay you there, and watch till I come down again.

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Pal. *All you that on your Beds lye waking,*
To keep your Gity-brows from aking.
First watch your Wives, and then your Money;
And drive the Hornets from your Honey.
For fear your Spouse your Crabs inoculate,
Keep her from Beaus *and House of* Chocolate.
Preserve your Lambs from sly Court Foxes.
From Pagan Vizors, and Side-boxes.
From Hackney Coach with Wooden-windows.
From Love abroad, and none within doors.

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Jac. Thieves, Thieves, Thieves!
S. *D.* Why 'tis I Child, Sir *Dottrell.* *Jac.* Sir Devil!
S. *D.* Why, Chicken, I am come to Steal thee.
Jac. Steal me, Impudence! Thieves, Thieves, Thieves!

Enter Mr. Deputy *in his Night-Gown above.*
Mr. *Dep.* Ha! my Window broke open!—— *Jac.*

Jac. Ay, and your House broke open! your Great Trunk broke open.

Mr. *Dep.* My Great Trunk! *Jac.* And your Cabinet of Diamonds.

Mr. *Dep.* My Diamonds! (*Exit from above.*

S. *D.* Why, Madam, what do you mean! What are you going to do! I hope you have more Conscience than to serve me thus?

Jac. Just as you deserve, Mr. Thief——Here, slip this Casket of Diamonds into your Pocket. [*Giving a Casket to* Palmerin.

Enter Mr. Deputy *Below.*

Mr. *Dep.* Rob'd, ruin'd, undone! A Casket of Jewels bought of my Lord *Squanderland* for 6000 Pound, and worth 10000. Lost, undone! ruin'd.

Jac. Ay, Sir, see there the Barbarous Thief.

Mr. *Dep.* Sir *Dottrell*, see there. S. *D.* Ay, Sir, 'tis I.

Mr. *Dep.* You, Sir, *Dottrell.*

S. *D.* Yes, I Sir? what a Pox is't such a wonderment to see an Old Rat in a young Mouse-trap.

Mr. *Dep.* I can't believe my Eyes.

S. *D.* No, nor your Ears neither, if that young Witch has the handling of 'em.

Pal. Oh, Sir, Sir, yonder's my Lord Chief Justice come from Council at *Whitehall*, just turn'd the Corner o'th' Street in his Coach; what if I call him to hear the whole Business?

S. *D.* My Lord Chief Justice!

Jac. Ay, Sir, let him be call'd, let me have Justice against that Barbarous Ruffler of your House. Now you may see how you've betray'd and ruin'd me. Made me dispose my heart to that base Man. That came not hither for the Love of me. 'Twas not the Charms of all my Youth and Beauty; My blooming Virtue, and my Virgin Innocence.

S. *D.* Oh Woman, woman, woman!

Jac. No: 'twas the sparkling Luster of your Jewels that dazled in his Eyes.

S. *D.* Was ever such a Traytress! Oh, Sir, believe her not one word; 'tis all Design, Plot, Treason, upon my Honour and my Life, Sir; and she has no mercy than a Weaver at an *East-India*-House. That wheedling dissembling young Imp there told me she had made a Vow to Marry no Man but he that should steal her; and I like an old blind dunce——

Jac. Steal me! Bless my Ears! what says the Man! Steal me! Oh, Sir, *Dottrell*, Sir *Dottrell*, this is like the rest of all your Barbarous Usage.

Mr. *D. p.* Ay, Child, steal thee!

S. *D.* Ay Sir, steal her! I tell you, Sir, once more, that Monster——

Mr. *Dep.* Ay, you may tell me what you please. You that can do such wicked things, can have the confidence to say any thing.

Enter Palmerin *as Lord Chief Justice, his Train born up by his Clerk.*

My Noble Lord! I beg your Lordships pardon for giving you this trouble at this unseasonable time of Night.

Pal. Justice is never troublesome nor unseasonable, we are bound to right the injured.

——— Mr. *Dep.*

Mr. *Dep.* Injur'd! Ay my Lord, I have had [*A Chair ſet forth and* Palm. *ſits.*] my Houſe broke open. I have been rob'd, my Lord, rob'd of a Casket of Jewels price 6000 *l.*

Pal. Six thouſand Pound!

Mr. *Dep.* See there the Ladder, and ſee here the Thief.

Pal. Sir *Dottrell!*

S. *Dot.* I ſhall run mad; that's certain.

Pal. The Worſhipful Sir *Dottrell*, I am all amazement.

S. *Dot.* Amaz'd my Lord, Ay and amaz'd, and amaz'd again, when you have heard the whole Roguery. Your Lordſhip is a Good Man, and an Honourable man, and will do me Juſtice; I deſire you to hear me, my Lord; I'll tell you the whole truth from the Top to the Bottom. I'll confeſs all my Lord.

Pal. Confeſs! you can't do better Sir *Dottrell.*

Sir *Dot.* Then in the firſt place I am a wheizing, grunting, empty-headed old Sot of Fourſcore.

Pal. Very good.

Sir Dot. In the next place, having no more Grace than Brains, and no more Fear before my Eyes than to——

Pal. Break open a Houſe.

Sir *Dot.* Break open a Houſe! No my Lord, break a fools head of my own, to run my reverend But-end a tilt at a Gay Petticoat, and play the old Game of hard heads call'd Matrimony.

Pal. Very well. Go on, Sir.

Sir Dot. An old doating fool to have no more ſenſe at theſe years than to pretend to make Womans Meat, when I am more fit for Worms-meat, my Lord. To be hankering after Young Fleſh, when I am going the way of all fleſh; and thus by the wicked inſtigation of the World, the Devil, and dry Bones, my Lord, with one Leg in my Grave I had no more Conſcience than think of ſlipping the other to Bed to a Girl of Nineteen; and to lay my old Froſt and Night-cap by her young Fruze and Top-knot.

Palm. And ſo falling in Love with a young Lady, and having a particular occaſion for a Necklace of Pearl, Locket of Diamonds, and ſome other Toys, to the Value of Six Thouſand Pounds, for a Preſent to your Young Miſtreſs, you made bold with Mr. Deputy.

Sir Dott. I know nothing of Mr. Deputy's Lockets and Diamonds. I had no Deſign but upon that precious Jewel his Daughter there; that young Fury with her Snakes in Powder and Curl; that Cloven-foot in Lac'd Shoos, my Lord.

Palm. Ha! What's all this?

Sir Dott. A wicked and notorious *Jezabel*, that has conſpir'd the Ruine, Fall and Deſtruction of the Right Worſhipful Sir *Dottrel.*

Palm. Yet hold, Sir.

Sir Dott. I cannot hold. I muſt confeſs my Sins, and repent, my Lord; and tell your Lordſhip, I have been galloping Headlong in the fair Road to the Devil, my Lord. For an Old Coxcomb of Eighty Eight, that has no more Wit than to Marry a Young Girl of Eighteen, heaps more Coals upon his Head

than another City Conflagration; and ought to be Marry'd on no Day but the Second of *September*, my Lord. For when the Firebrands of Whoredom and Cuckoldom are once lighted, they are unquencheable; and a Young Gipsie that takes Fire in her *Pudding-Lane*, is never to be stopt till she burns down to *Bridewell*, my Lord.

Palm. How now! Ill-manner'd, Sir! Do you know where you are? This Insolence before the Bar of Justice! Ha!

Sir Dott. I beg your Lordship's Pardon.

Palm. Better Language, and more Civility.

Sir Dott. I have done, Sir. I know no Harm of the poor Girl. She is a Good Girl, and an Honest Girl, and a Religious Girl—— Why, I have heard her at her Prayers, my Lord.

Palm. No more trifling, Sir. If you have any thing to say, speak home to the purpose. Has this young Lady done you any Wrong, any Injustice, Sir?

Sir Dott. Wrong! O Lord, no! She has done me a great deal of Right, my Lord. Alas, Sir, I have been an impertinent Old Fool, and have so tired and teized her, and haunted her, till the poor Thing, in her own Defence, when I would take no Warning, and receive no denial, has only drawn me into a Plot, Sir; to see my Back-side, Sir; to get a fair Riddance of me, by sending me up *High Holborn*, and please your Lordship I vow and swear that's all.

Palm. And did she draw you into this Plot?

Sir Dott. She, Sir; Ay, ay. Why, I broke open her Father's House by her own Special Command.

Palm. Very pretty! And so in Obedience to a fair Lady——

Sir Dott. Ay, Sir.

Palm. To rid her of a troublesom old Blockhead.

Sir Dott. Right, Sir.

Palm. You committed Burglary. *Sir Dott.* Very true, Sir.

Pal. In pure Complaisance to be hang'd out of the way.

Sir Dott. Why truly, Sir, if that False Poacher can Swear me or Lie me into a Halter, I shall be hang'd and hang'd, and double hang'd, my Lord.

Palm. Oh, I have heard too much a plain Confession: Dead, gone, lost!

Sir Dott. Dead, Sir! *Palm.* The World can't save ye.

Sir Dott. How! Not save me!

Palm. Impossible! Oh Sir *Dottrel*, Sir *Dottrel*! A Man of your Estate, a Person of your Worth, for you to run yourself into this hideous Sin—— Oh, 'tis unpardonable! A Common Thief! Poor Rogues, that break a House for want, for Bread for Hunger, those pitied Wretches might find some Beams of Grace: But you, Sir *Dottrel*; Oh, there's no Hopes, no Mercy!

Sir Dott. What do you mean, Sir? I hope you don't intend to hang me.

Palm. Had you a Thousand Lives, all, all lost.

Sir Dott. Oh, my Dear Lord, don't fright me! Hang an Alderman! Hang a Gold Chain! I shall never be able to bear it. Oh, my dear Lord, upon my Knees I do beseech you.

Palm. Kneel, Sir, to Heaven, not me; make your Peace there, Sir *Dottrel*.

Sir Dot. Oh,

Sir Dott. Oh, don't talk of Heaven! I tremble at the Name on't. And, Madam, dear Madam, ſave me, ſave me. Dear Honey, ſweet Devil, ſpeak Truth but this once in thy whole Life, and tell my Lord the whole Story. Dear Rogue, don't let me be hang'd: Beſides, I ſhall make but a ſneaking Dog in a String; and thou'lt get no Credit by Hanging me.

Jac. Nay; why do you trouble me?

Sir Dott. I'll never trouble thee again: I'll quit thee, reſign thee, renounce thee for ever. And therefore, ſweet little Tygreſs, ſpeak a good Word to my Lord: Save but my Life, and I'll give thee half my Eſtate.

Jac. How, Sir! *Sir Dote.* Half my Eſtate.

Jac. My Lord, do you hear how the poor Man begs for Life? If your Lordſhip can do any thing for him——

Jac. Do you deſire it, Madam?

Sir Dott. Ay, ſhe does deſire it; ſhe muſt deſire it.

Palm. Nay, Madam, your Commands—— *Sir Dott.* O ſweet Rogue!

Palm. Well, Sir *Dottrel*, for this fair Lady's ſake I'll try what I can do for you. But fie, Sir *Dottrel*, half your Eſtate! That's too much: You ſhall have Mercy at a cheaper Price.

Sir Dott. Oh, you're a good Man.

Palm. But firſt, Sir *Dottrel*, have not you an Eſtate of young *Palmerin Worthy*'s, bought of his Prodigal Brother. *Sir Dott.* I have, Sir.

Palm. And I warrant you, did not give half the Worth for't.

Sir Dott. Not a Quarter.

Palm. Then upon Condition that, before all theſe Witneſſes, you'll give it under your Hand and Seal, to return that Eſtate to young *Palmerin*, I'll promiſe you your Life. *Sir Dott.* With all my Heart, Sir.

Palm. Here's my Clark then ſhall draw up the Agreement.

Sir Dott. Ay, my Lord, you ſhall have it under Hand, Seal, Bill, Bond, Judgment, Statute; any thing for a ſweet Life, my Lord.

Jac. Well now, Sir *Dottrel*, I hope I am not that hard hearted Thing; you ſee I am all Tenderneſs, all melting Pity; ſo very kind——

Sir Dott. Kind! Ay, Pox on thee, thou'rt damnable kind!

Jac. How, Sir!

Sir Dott. Heav'ns bleſs thee, I would ſay. Kind Chicken! Ay, very kind; a dear ſweet Rogue. *Palm.* Come, Sir *Dottrel*, your Hand.

Sir Dott. Ay, both my Hands. [*Signs and Seals.*

Palm. You deliver this as your Act and Deed to the Uſe of *Palmerin Worthy*.

Sir Dott. To the Uſe of *Palmerin Worthy*.

Palm. So; now to perform my Part. In the firſt place, Mr. Deputy, to make Peace with you, Sir *Dottrel* heartily begs your Pardon, and by my Hand reſtores your Jewels. [*gives Mr. Deputy the Casket.*] In the next place, to remove all Fears and Jealouſies of a Bench and Judges; inſtead of that terrible thing call'd a Lord Chief Juſtice, I am that harmleſs poor Creature, your Honeſt Man *Shackarell*. *All. Shackarell!*

Palm. No; no *Shackarell* neither: For inſtead of your Man *Shackarell*, I am

your Rival *Palmerin*; no more yours, but this Lady's Humble Servant.

All. Palmerin! *Palm.* And now, Mr. Deputy——

Mr. Dep. Palmarin Worthy!

Pal. As kind Fortune has at last removed all Obstacles to my Honourable Pretensions to the Fair *Jacinth*——as this kind Knight has given me one Estate, I hope you'll give me another, your Beautiful Daughter, Sir.

Mr. Dep. Ay, with all my Heart and Soul. Take her, dear Boy, take her, and Heav'n bless thee with her. Young *Palmerin*, and a Thousand a Year! Thou art such an ingenious young Rogue, thou deserv'dst a Girl with her Weight in Diamonds.

Sir Dott. Here's fine Work.

Mr. Dep. Go, take her to Church, take her to thy Arms, take her to Bed; and get me Grandsons and Great Grandsons. How shall I mend my dull City-Breed with such a Wit for my Son-in-law!

Sir Dott. And art not thou a Perjur'd Devil?

Jac. Perjur'd! No, not at all.

Sir Dott. No, young Deceiver? Where's the Promise you made me?

Jac. I have perform'd 'em.
Yes, Sir; I promis'd ye before this Honest Gentleman.

Sir Dott. Honest with a Vengeance!

Jac. Sir *Dottrel* was the Man of the whole World
Should make me the happiest and best Wife in *Christendom*,
And I have kept that Promise: For Sir *Dottrel*
Has given my *Palmerin* an Estate, and that
Estate has given me *Palmerin*. And thus
(Upon my Knees I thank you.) You have made me
That best, that happiest Wife——

Sir Dott. I can bear no longer. [*Going away.*

Jac. Yet, stay, Sir.

Sir Dott. Stay, Tormenter!

Jac. Ay, Sir; stay——I have a Boon to ask you.
That you'd forgive me.
Ay, Sir; forgive me: Do. I beg it of you.
I own my Faults; own I have us'd you hardly.
And yet I never wrong'd you. *Sir Dott.* How! Not wrong'd me!

Jac. No, Sir; not wrong'd you: I have lov'd ye more
In cheating you, than marrying you. Consider
What 'twas you ask'd; and what I have deny'd.
Marriage, alas! Sir *Dottrel*, had undone ye:
To take a Wife, were that Rack Rent upon ye
Your Age could never pay. Let such Grey Hairs
Go not to Church to Wedlock, but to Prayers,
And kneel to Heaven, not Woman, at those years.

Sir Dott. In troth, thou art in the right on't. I confess.
In thy soft Arms I should have slept so sweetly——
And Sleeping had been all; nay, and, perhaps, not that too.

I should

I ſhould have ſpit, and cough'd, and wheiz'd, and grunted;
Made but a ſlovenly Husband for a young Wife.
And therefore, *Palmerin*, give me thy Hand——
And thine, *Facintha*—— Now, if I could but out with it—
Palm. Speak boldly.
Fac. Reſign me nobly. *Palm.* Do a generous Deed.
Fac. And think what Glorious Triumph you will make:
'Tis brave to give, when it is poor to take.
Sir Dott. Then take her, and be happy—— But, I vow,
It almoſt breaks my Heart, that I muſt loſe thee.
Fac. Nay, dry your Eyes. I will do more than love ye.
What though I cannot give a Hand, (for that's
My *Palmerin's*;) I'll give you both my Knees.
I'll pray for you to my laſt Hour of Life.
Sir Dott. And wilt thou pray for me? *Fac.* More than a Father.
He gave me Birth: But you have given me *Palmerin*,
Sir Dott. Yes, thou ſhalt pray for me: For I'll do ſomething
As ſhall deſerve thy Prayers. Here, *Palmerin*;
To thy own Eſtate, I have given thee, take mine too.
For, ſince I muſt not make my dear *Facintha*
My Wife, my Heir I'll make thee. No Old Age,
Nor no Young Rival ſhall debar me that.
My Fortunes, Treaſures, Jewels: Five fair Lordſhips;
Twice five fair Thouſand Acres;
And thrice as many Pounds in fairer Gold,
Is all thy own. Give but a poor Old Man
My Length and Breadth in Clay, when I am Duſt;
And all the reſt, my dear *Facintha*, 's thine.
Fac. Oh, this amazing Kindneſs! Let me kneel once more:
Too poor in Thanks to pay this wondrous Goodneſs.
Palm. Too poor, indeed. *Sir Dott.* Nay, fye; dear *Shackarel*, riſe.
Thou art the happy Lord of fair *Facintha*,
And I am thy Servant now—— And riſe *Facintha*, riſe.
Come, Mr. *Deputy*; we'll both be Fathers now.
Mr. *Dep.* Yes, I the happieſt, you the kindeſt Father.
Sir Dott. Come, thou ſweet Bride that muſt be, we'll prepare
The Wedding-Dinner: Shall we not?
We'll have the Poets, and the Fiddles too,
And all the Wedding Joys. I ſhall be pleas'd
To ſee young *Palmerin* the happy Man:
Nay, I'll dance too, as heartily as I can. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *the Laſt.* Cynthia's *Bower.*

Being a Proſpect of Terras Walks on Eight ſeveral Stages mounted one above another, each Stage contains a Range of Stone-work extending from ſide to ſide, decorated with Paintings in Freſco of Heroick Hiſtory; over each Piece of Painting are carved Rails and Baniſters with Pedeſtals: On Thirty Two Pedeſtals are planted Sixteen Golden Flower-Pots, and Sixteen Statues of Gods and Goddeſſes, viz. Jupiter *and* Juno; Apollo *and* Diana; Mars *and* Venus; Neptune *and* Thetis; Pallas *and* Mercury; Bacchus *and* Ceres; Hercules *and* Flora; Cupid *and* Pſyche. *Through the Center, and advancing Twenty Four Foot high, is an Aſcent of Marble Steps. This Sett of Scenes is encompaſs'd round with Arborage-work, circled round with double Feſtoons of Flowers tyed up in Ribbons of Gold, terminating at Fifty Foot deep, being the Extent of the Houſe, with a Proſpect of a Garden above the higheſt Terras.*

Above Fifty Figures are ſeen upon the ſeveral Terras's, ſome of which Deſcend upon the Stage for the Entertainment.

Set by Mr. D. *Purcel.*

Mrs. Croſs, COme Strephon, Phyllis *come let's troll*
A Jovial Hour away.
And whilſt the Golden Minutes roll,
We'll Sing and Dance, and Play.

Miſs. *See in the ſmiling Month of* May,
The Songſters of the Grove they play,
Muſt ſuch a poor young thing as they
A little Bird ſo very ſmall
That juſt can tattle, chirp and prattle:
I can but ſing, and Oh that's all.
But if I live till paſt fifteen,
See ſuch fine Sparks *as here are ſeen.*
I fear, I fear, you'l teach me then
To perch and plume, and dreſs and pride,
And more than tattle,
Chirp and prattle,
I then ſhall ſing and love beſide.

Let

Let Monarchs boast their High Renown;
A Garland's fairer than a Crown.
Whilst Courts have all the Pomp and noise,
The Groves have all the Sweets and Joys.
Then come kind Damon, *come away,*
To Cynthia's *Bower advance;*
The Sylvanes *they shall Pipe and Play,*
And we'll lead up the Dance.

A Grand Dance of Shepherds.

Hark, hark! To Pleasure and Delight
The Earth, the Seas, and Air invite:
The Winds, they whistle; Woods, they ring;
The Brooks, they murmur; Birds, they sing:
The Turtles coo; and Lambs, they play:
And why not we as blithe as they?

Then, whilst we trip it o'er o'er the Plain,
Let Pan *and* Flora *live and reign:*
We'll envy not great Jove; *and be*
As blest'd, though not as great as He.

But, see! Our Goddess does appear!
She comes to grace our Rural Choir:
Then let the Muses all inspire
Our Joys to a Sublimer Air.

Let her Great Name go round;
Yet tender let it sound.
Cynthia! *a Name so proud,*
To chant her endless Song,
Jove's *Thunder's not too loud;*
Eternity too long.

Grand Chorus, *Let her Great Name,* &c.

Haine. Well, Sir; and what think you of our New World in the Moon?

Wild. Why, Faith, Jo, I think, as your Painter has dress'd it, 'tis a new World indeed.

Haine. And how do you like it?

Wild. As I do a Mistress the better for being a new one.
New Objects still new Appetites must raise,
And an Original Beauty sure may please.

EPILOGUE.

EPILOGUE,

Spoke by Miſs *Dennis Chock*, Dreſs'd with a great Wig like a Beau.

She Enters Singing Part of an Old Tune.

Gallants,

THE Author ſends me here, to win your Hearts
With this full Wig, and not his own Deſerts;
For he believes, and I ſuppoſe you know,
There's nothing pleaſes more than a young Beau.
But yet the Stage this day has done its beſt;
For it has furniſh'd out a Miſer's Feaſt:
And if this Charge and Pains ſhould now be loſt,
'Twere hard to Shipwrack on a Golden Coaſt.
But, Gentlemen and Ladies, I muſt ſay,
Since I'm choſe Champion to defend this Play,
I'll do't: [Draws her Sword.
And here, with Sword in Hand, declare
To juſtifie it, againſt all that dare
Strive to undo the Painter, and the Player.
The Poet, he, alas! only depends
On your Good Nature, to become his Friends.
But now, perhaps, you may believe I fear
To ſee this naked Weapon. But I ſwear
I'd fight our Foes, did I not too well know
'Twould ſpoil my Character of being a Beau.
Therefore, ſince I'm good natur'd, be you kind;
For, rat me, Gentlemen, 'twas well deſign'd.
But, Pax upon 'em, 'tis all home-ſpun Cloth;
All from an Engliſh *Web, and* Engliſh *Growth.*
But if we'd let it make a coſtly Dance
To Paris, *and bring home ſome Scenes from* France,
I'm ſure 'twou'd take: For you, Gadzbobs, are civil;
And wiſh them well, that wiſh you at the Devil.

FINIS.